

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### A FRENCH CAPITAL LEVY

WHEN the Labor Party took over the government in England, a levy on capital was a live issue and was endorsed — or had been at various times during its more or less academic discussion since the war — by some public men outside the Labor ranks. Of late, however, it has virtually disappeared from British convention agenda and Party platforms. In France, on the other hand, the serious discussion of such a measure is more recent, and threatens to disrupt Parties and wreck the fortunes of politicians. The Socialists consistently advocate such a levy in order to reduce the public debt. The Radicals have endorsed it under the disguised name of a special tax on all forms of fortunes and property. In other words, the majority Party in France is now officially committed, not to a *contribution du capital*, but to that horse of an entirely different color, a *contribution sur toutes les formes de la fortune*. At the Nice Congress of the Radical Party, Caillaux protested violently against such a levy. 'I do not believe in the effectiveness

of a levy upon capital,' he declared. 'It has resulted only in disappointment wherever it has been tried, and I shall not take the responsibility of driving our Ship of State upon this rock. *Je vous crie: prenez garde!*' But he accepted the compromise.

Why should a capital levy, either under its own name or an alias, have so much political support and be ardently advocated by men like Herriot, former Premier and present Speaker of the Deputies, whose finger is on the political pulse of his country? Because the present fall in the franc is already a virtual capital levy upon the middle classes, the great rank and file of the thrifty, saving population of the Republic. They prefer that it should be borne by the wealthy minority rather than by themselves.

M. Caillaux's arguments against a capital levy centre upon the question of expediency rather than principle. He believes a levy is extremely difficult to enforce in practice, and that its results in other countries, except possibly Czechoslovakia, have been unpromising. The *modus operandi* is to create mortgages for the benefit of the

State on real property, to issue additional shares in corporations, which are allotted to the State, to stamp bank notes a certain percentage of their face value, and to reduce all private holdings of Government bonds and other bonds by a given per cent. But this makes the levy the same upon small property owners as upon large property owners. Moreover, the new shares, mortgages, and other instruments thus created shrink in value so that the Government does not actually receive anything approaching their nominal worth. M. Caillaux's alternative to a capital levy is a special additional tax on all unearned incomes to be appropriated for a sinking-fund.

Sisley Huddleston, in the *New Statesman*, thus defends the former minister:—

What is wrong with France is not merely that the public finances have been allowed to fall into disorder, but that there has never been such untimely political agitation as since the advent of the Bloc des Gauches. Politics, if one uses the word in its narrow sense of Party quarrels, personal intrigues, demagogic appeals which are hurtful to national interests, have been mischievous; it is possible that they will be disastrous. Caillaux was right in endeavoring to raise himself above Parliamentary disputes, in assuming a purely technical rôle. If he could have truly managed to keep finances out of the political arena he would have had a better chance. Unfortunately he could not exercise a financial dictatorship; and even had he been able to impose silence on the politicians, and to pursue his task without interference in the sacred precincts of the rue de Rivoli, while the rival clans amused themselves around him with in-offensive controversies and manœuvres against each other, it would still have been incumbent on him to possess well-fashioned plans. Probably it would be fair to say that it is not only the existence of political clans, but the virtual inexistence of financial plans, which has brought France to the present impasse.

#### STILL TALKING LOCARNO

NATURALLY, the Locarno pact will be on the front pages of European newspapers until it has been ratified or rejected by the signatory Powers. At present editors and publicists are busy trying to define its commitments. Upon the whole, the British press, including the weeklies, is optimistic, though labor papers like the *Daily Herald* hedge to the extent of declaring that 'it would be worse than foolish to conceal from ourselves at the moment of congratulation the suspicion that one of the aims of British diplomacy in the Locarno negotiations has been the isolation of the Soviet Union and its confrontation by the solid bloc of European States.' The *London Statist* also cautions its readers that 'except in so far as it strengthens the authority of the League of Nations, the work of Locarno cannot be expected to lay the foundations of a lasting peace. It does not remove any of the chief sources of possible war existing in Europe to-day, nor destroy the ways and means of waging war. It establishes a series of agreements among the contending nations not to go to war over matters now in dispute, and these agreements are, after all, only scraps of paper not carrying any new vital material guarantees. Until the sources of friction themselves are removed by subsequent specific agreements, and until an international disarmament plan has been put into effect, there will remain a latent threat of war.'

This paper also observes that the Pact, for the first time in history, establishes an important divergence between the foreign policy of the mother country and that of the Dominions, and that, by pledging Great Britain to assist Germany in the event of French aggression, it definitely marks the last of the Entente.

The Conservative *Saturday Review* is likewise somewhat skeptical, declaring: 'The Security Pact is certainly not the wonderful document many people take it to be. In no case does it do more than reaffirm the existing Covenant of the League of Nations, and in one important case it greatly weakens it. . . . Whereas the Covenant localizes a dispute until the Council has had time to study it, the Security Pact provides for immediate action as soon as the guaranteeing Power has been able to satisfy itself that this violation constitutes an unprovoked act of aggression. . . . Nevertheless,' this paper argues, 'the Locarno Conference marks an important step toward European peace, because the Covenant was signed in an atmosphere of unreality, and neither governments nor peoples have ever studied it very carefully or taken it very seriously.' They will now be compelled to do so.

Several British journals speak of the Pact as a stepping-stone to a new disarmament conference. *The Nation* and *the Athenæum* believes that it may eventuate in early measures in that direction. *The Spectator* endorses this opinion. Both weeklies anticipate that such a move will be made upon President Coolidge's initiative. On the other hand, the *Saturday Review*, moved by lukewarm affection for the League and less than lukewarm affection for the United States, remarks with grim satisfaction: 'There is something almost pathetic in the astonishment of the "Isolationists" in the United States over the Locarno Conference and the decision of Germany to join the League. They have frequently told Europe that she must get herself out of her own difficulties, but they have not believed that she would succeed in doing so. The problem of war debts may still

make unaided European recovery impossible, but at any rate the Locarno Conference and Mr. Chamberlain's reminder to Washington that the reduction of land armaments can better be brought about through the League of Nations than in Washington have served to convince the United States that the European Powers are not entirely without vitality, energy, and self-confidence. The decisions taken at Locarno will do far more to bring about healthy coöperation between Europe and America than all the flattery, all the appeals for assistance, and all the complaints, of the past few years.'

The London *Outlook* expresses an almost identical opinion: 'With the Locarno Conference at an end, there is a revival of talk about a new Conference on the Reduction of Armaments. It is mostly of American origin, for Washington has periodically flirted with this idea, but nothing very concrete has come of it so far. It is very doubtful if it will now on America's initiative, for at Locarno she had not even an unofficial observer. One notices a certain amount of pique in the American press comment that Europe has got together without American assistance and worked out some sort of an agreement. It does not fit in with the preconceived notions on the other side of the Atlantic of a hate-torn Europe which could be reconciled only through the pious efforts of the United States. This complacent doctrine of American superiority has been preached for so long over there that it has become almost a creed.'

Marcel Cachin, who leads the French Bolshevik delegation in the Chamber when he is not in jail, mocks at the optimism with which peace-lovers have greeted the Pact. He says in *L'Humanité*: 'To speak of a real and an enduring peace in a world agitated and ruled by violence like the world to-day,

where the economic and the financial situation are so precarious and uncertain and unstable, is an abuse of words. . . . England has thus destroyed all the Continental alliances that threatened her interests, and henceforth both the victors and the vanquished there will be under the heel of the Anglo-Saxon. Locarno is the Dawes Plan in action, in development, "in becoming," as the philosophers say. It is one more step toward the financial enslavement of France and Germany to the Gold Powers.'

*Le Figaro*, traditionally a Radical organ with a strong infusion of Nationalism, thinks that France gained two important points through the Pact: 'Germany's solemn and definitive renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine, and the direct and unlimited guaranty of our Rhine frontier by England and by Italy.'

*Vossische Zeitung*, which is all for Germany's endorsement of the Pact, waves aside detailed objections with the remark: 'The truth is, juristic technicalities count for less than the state of mind in the relation of peoples.' But *Kölnische Zeitung*, to say nothing of more extreme Nationalist journals, is doubtful. It thinks that Germany should refuse to join the League until assured that her action will not involve her in difficulties with Russia. 'Our Government must see to it that our relations with Russia are developed in such a way as to create a counterweight for the Versailles Treaty and a source of appeal against a League dominated by the Western Powers.'

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#### FASCISM PREACHES LAW AND ORDER

A SOBERING sense of responsibility seems to have seized the Italian Government after the outrages in Florence, of which we shall give a fuller account next week. *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican,

published a vigorous appeal for peace, in which it described Italy as a land rent by hatreds, where 'the death rattle of a victim sounds like a bugle call to summon citizens to new bloodshed.' A continuance of this condition must inevitably result sooner or later in a campaign of secret terrorism against the Fascisti, of which the reported plot to assassinate Mussolini is but the logical first-fruit. Roberto Farinacci, Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, has issued a new decalogue to his followers, which seems to be inspired by that desire for order to which even the most revolutionary governments are converted when they feel themselves firmly seated in power. The new commands read:—

(1) It is the duty of the Fascist provincial secretaries to see that the Party is strictly disciplined; the intransigence of the local Party-leaders must be not only political but moral in character.

(2) No further recruits to be admitted in the Fascist Party.

(3) All the Fascist associations whose members disturb public order or work are to be disbanded.

(4) All Fascist squads to be disbanded.

(5) A full inquiry to be opened immediately on the activity and morality of all the members of the Fascist Party; the Fascist membership ticket for 1926 will not be given to those who are morally or politically unworthy to have it.

(6) All Fascists must have an occupation; unemployed and those who are unable to give a precise account of their way of living to be expelled.

(7) The wearing of the black shirt on occasions other than those specified by the Party leaders is strictly prohibited.

(8) The carrying of arms and big sticks during Fascist processions and demonstrations is strictly forbidden.

(9) All the members of the dissolved squads are invited to join the national Militia.

(10) All those who break discipline or commit unjustifiable acts of violence to be severely punished.



But while violence may cease, free speech has not been restored. Under the existing Press Law, *Corriere della Sera* of Milan and *La Stampa* of Turin, the two greatest newspapers in Italy, both of which espouse Liberal opinions, are threatened with complete suppression. The Law makes this the penalty for a third summons for publishing matter offensive to the Government. The former journal has been summoned once, *La Stampa* twice. The second offense of the pacifist and anti-Fascist Turin journal was to print a description of certain happenings during the last general manœuvres, when the troops pillaged a brewery and committed other acts 'vividly recalling incidents in the late war.' The Government is evidently anxious to smooth over the matter, and its friends have offered Senator Frassati, the proprietor of *La Stampa*, — Giolitti's old organ, — a large sum for the paper. But Senator Frassati refuses to sell, on the score that his journal represents an ideal of liberty, peace, and work to which he intends to remain faithful until death.

*Tribuna*, a leading Rome daily, which we often quote in these columns, is said to have lost circulation rapidly since it went over to the Fascisti. Its most brilliant writer, 'Rastignac,' — Vincenzo Morello, — is a personal admirer of Signor Mussolini, who has made him a senator; but its editor, Tullio Giordano, is an opponent of the Government.



#### A NOTE FROM SPAIN

ACCORDING to private advices from Spanish sources not particularly friendly to the present Government, the public in that country received with profound skepticism the reports of the recent victories in Morocco; so much so, indeed, that one ardent press-

defender of the Directory protested, in a fiery, telltale article, against the apathy and indifference with which the nation greeted 'the heroic deeds and immortal achievements' of the army. But if the people are indifferent, the Directory itself is enthusiastic. Primo de Rivera has conferred on himself high naval and military orders, and will, it is rumored, receive the title of Duke of Axdir and Commander of the Militia.

General Weyler, of Spanish-American War fame, who was until recently head of the General Staff, is said to be in disgrace because he opposed the disembarkation at Alhucemas. He was at the railway station to receive the King and Queen when they returned from their summer at Santander. The Queen is reported to have addressed the aged General as follows: —

'Have you seen what happened, Don Valeriano? We made our landing at Alhucemas and won a great victory.'

'A great victory!' answered Weyler. 'We have merely saddled ourselves with one more front in Morocco — that is, a new source of care and expense and future disaster. This enterprise, which was not approved by the General Staff, impresses me as stupid.'

Twenty-four hours later the General was removed from his post. He has many sympathizers in the army. Primo de Rivera has built up a corps of enthusiastic supporters among the Morocco forces, where he has distributed promotions and decorations lavishly. Some of his new generals are only thirty years old. But this has caused corresponding dissatisfaction among the forces at home. Moreover, the navy, many of whose officers are Liberals opposed to the present Government, is said to be seething with discontent. Also, adds this pessimistic report, in spite of the misleading political calm and superficial apathy

among the masses, extremist Parties are receiving many recruits.

Apparently there is little enthusiasm for the Morocco adventure among the troops in the field. A young soldier on the Alhucemas front wrote in a private letter to one of our readers shortly after the Spanish forces reached their objective: 'We are having heavy rains just now, which make much work for us on account of the tremendous damage they have done to our trenches and roads, which we are kept busy repairing without any time to rest, in order to prevent a surprise by the enemy. If you only knew what tough work it is! I hope that it will soon be over, and that I may have a little time for studying, because I can do nothing of that kind at present. What a useless way to spend the best part of one's life! When we might be preparing ourselves to be of some real use to our country, they drag us off here to waste our strength and to ruin our health.'

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#### MINOR NOTES

THE international settlement of Shanghai, which has a population of about

eight hundred thousand, has less than three thousand entitled to vote in municipal elections. The Chinese, who compose ninety-seven per cent of the residents, possess no franchise, and only one in nine of the foreigners is entitled to cast his ballot. Of the registered electors 1157 are British, 552 Japanese, 328 Americans, and 112 Russians. The other voters are divided among seventeen nationalities, of whom the French are the most numerous.

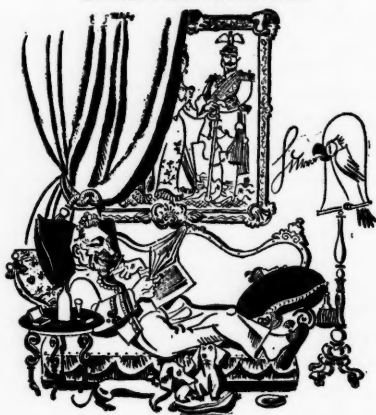
A MORE cheerful tone prevails in the British business world. The Bank of England has twice reduced the bank rate and may reduce it still further. Our own Federal Reserve Board is believed to be averse to restricting credits and encouraging further imports of gold into America. These two financial powers are rumored to have come to a friendly understanding to 'organize prosperity' in the Old Country 'even if it involves a measure of undesirable inflation in America.' At least, this is a London interpretation of the situation. But it is impossible to say upon how much positive evidence it is based.

AFTER THE SET-TO AT NICE



Herriot carries the capital levy against Caillaux's opposition at the Radical Party Convention.  
— *L'Écho de Paris*

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE



The Gentleman at Doorn  
— *Vorwärts*, Berlin

## READING THE ROCKS OF ASIA<sup>1</sup>

### EARLY ORAL REPORTS OF THE ROY ANDREWS EXPEDITION

[WE publish below the informal oral reports of last summer's expedition, the third conducted into Central Asia by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, delivered by him and his associates, Professor Granger, Dr. Berkey, Dr. Nelson, and Dr. Ralph Chaney, at a public reception in Peking.]

#### I

MR. ANDREWS. — When we started out this spring, the expedition was intended to carry on farther west and south the work that we had already begun north of the Altai Mountains and the Gobi Desert. We expected to find very extensive fossil exposures which would yield us new mammals and fossil plants, and hoped to carry the reconnaissance south of the Altai into a new country. The work had been carried out west for nearly a thousand miles in our two former expeditions, and we had several places at which we intended to stop and make further investigations before we went on. In all of these places we found so much more than we had expected that it was necessary to remain much longer. My function was chiefly that of putting the men where they could do their work.

We depended upon our motor-transportation for quick work. Our camel caravan, consisting of one hundred and twenty-five animals, left in February. They were supposed to go nearly a thousand miles out into the

desert and there to wait for us. Unfortunately they were detained on the border of Inner and Outer Mongolia by petty officials, and had to remain there until we came and persuaded the officials to release them and we were allowed to proceed.

This was a very serious setback, because our camels had to make a forced march of four hundred miles into a desert country and arrived in a weakened condition, instead of being at the place where we wanted to begin work in good condition for their summer labor. We overcame this difficulty, so it was not so serious as we had feared it might prove to be. Our motor-car fleet consisted of seven cars, Dodge three-quarter-ton trucks, and the great Fulton truck, much heavier. These even exceeded our expectations. There seemed to be almost nothing they could not climb, and they opened our eyes to what a motor-car could do. When we were crossing the mountains at a certain place, we thought we should have had to make a detour of twenty-five miles. But we finally decided to avoid that detour by going up over a low range — which we did, only to find another and another range beyond. Thus we drove our cars across a range of mountains eight miles through. After that we decided the manufacturers had made a mistake and given us mountain goats or mountain sheep instead of motor-cars, because there were no obstacles they could not surmount.

Our Expedition consisted of forty men — fourteen foreigners, eleven

<sup>1</sup>From the *Peking Leader* (Chinese-owned, American-edited, English-language daily), September 25, 26, 27

Chinese, and the rest Mongols. It is about as large an expedition as one can handle in the field; in fact, a little too large, for it sacrifices mobility. It takes so much gasoline and so much food to get people under way that I think it is certainly the limit, if not a little more than the limit, for exploration in that country.

When we review the work of the season, we believe that scientifically it is far and away the most important year we have ever had. Last year we found dinosaur eggs, and the public took an extraordinary interest in their discovery. This year we have other things that are much more important scientifically than the dinosaur eggs, and we have made contributions to many other branches of science.

We were told when we returned to Peking — in fact I saw it in the papers — that there had been a great deal of anxiety on our friends' part. An unfortunate dispatch, which seems to have originated in America, stated that we were to be expelled from Mongolia because we had made military maps of Mongolia and incited the natives against the Government. No such incident occurred, of course, and the fact that we continued our work to the end shows that we were not expelled from Mongolia.

## II

PROFESSOR GRANGER. — Our first and foremost palæological finds are probably the Cretaceous mammal skulls. The mammals are supposed to have branched off from the reptiles. One skull found years ago in South Africa was the only specimen from the Cretaceous Age known until this year. I had searched the first and second years in the Mesozoic deposits, but had found no trace of them.

Dr. Andrews brought back from Kalgan a letter from my chief, Dr.

Mathews, stating that a small skull that we had found in last year's explorations had proved to be the skull of a mammal, the second skull of the Cretaceous mammals to be shown in the world, and he suggested that it might be worth our while to spend a few days searching for these important fossils. The next day I told Dr. Andrews, 'I think I'll go out and get you another Cretaceous skull,' and I did, after searching about an hour. When we came back later in the season, upon our return, we found five more skulls, so that now we have seven of these very precious specimens, which will throw great light upon the cranial development of the mammals.

Another important discovery was the second specimen of the great *Baluchitherium*, which we found this year. The *Baluchitherium* is the largest land-mammal that ever lived. It is a rhinoceros in relationship, and was larger than the largest living elephant. The second year we did not go into the *Baluchitherium* beds. This year we went back to the locality where we had found the skull, and we found what probably was at one time one of the most remarkable fossils that ever existed. If we could have found it a few thousand years earlier it would have been one of the most extraordinary fossils. An animal standing thirteen feet high at the shoulders had been mired in mud or sand in an upright position; its legs stood straight down. It died, and gradually this sand or mud had hardened so that the remains were left standing in solid rock. Then came the erosion of modern days, which carried away all of the skeleton, eroded it clear down, and left only the feet standing. But there was just the right distance between them. I have seen only one such case in all of my experience. We are very glad to have the feet, because next to the skull the feet are the most

important part of the animal and they give us a good deal of added information about this extraordinary beast.

There is perhaps another thing that we might mention. We found three more distinct horizons, three more formations that yield animal remains. The first year we found no less than eight, the second we found two more, this year three more. We have now thirteen distinct formations that give us a little more insight about the animals that lived in the past. These carry us over a period of many millions of years, from the time of man back to the beginning of the reptiles.

### III

DR. BERKEY. — In Mongolia there is a very great thickness of those peculiar sandstones known as graywacke. Although thousands of feet in thickness, they seldom contain fossils. There is a graywacke problem, and it is worse than we thought. The chief problem was to tell their age, and now we know that there are graywacke and graywacke and graywacke, and that they are at least of three different ages, and so just because one finds a bed of graywacke is no sign that he knows the age. Some graywacke is of Palæozoic age, some older than the known Palæozoic, and some of Jurassic; so that the problem is a complex one.

There was secondly the Palæozoic problem. We came back the first and second year after discovering that there were very few Palæozoic strata in the geological column of Mongolia. This year we had the good fortune to cross territory where they are much better developed and where we were able to see that the Palæozoic seas, because these are marine deposits, extended much farther than we knew, perhaps covering the whole of this region.

A third is the Altai problem. What is the structure of the Altai? What is

the age of their uplift? What sort of history can we sketch for the origin of the Altai Mountains? That is to be unraveled from their structure. We feel that we have got a pretty complete outline of the geological history of the Altai, because this year we were able to go into two of the three principal ranges and spent some little time there and got hold of the essential points of the history. There have been repeated uplifts of the Altai Mountains, the latest occurring in the Pleistocene, which brings the movement close down to the present time.

The Gobi region is a broad flat basin into the middle of which flowed streams from all sides. Within this basin are a series of low basins, due to warping in early Cretaceous time. But we had not found deposits representing the entire series of horizons that should be represented. Some of these were missing, among them the Pleistocene, in which man ought to have begun to appear and where we might have found some of the things that connect up to the present. Previously we had not found such deposits, but this year we found some of them, and the Pleistocene is quite extensively developed north of the Altai, and can be traced into the alluvial fans. We now know that it is quite complicated in structure, and that fossils are to be found in some of the deposits. This is one of the important members of the geological column that we have added this year.

There are also questions of post-Pleistocene behavior, of what that country has been doing since the Age of Ice; questions of climatic changes. Connected with these is one of the important finds of the summer. At a place in the middle of the Gobi where dinosaur eggs were found, called the Shanrak Valley, are exposed sandstone beds that look very much like those which border the valley. Where erosion has



set in, these stand out twenty feet in some places. The interest lies in the fact that, whereas the beds on the side of the valley carry dinosaur eggs, those in the bottom carry no fossils whatever, but carry fragments of things that men have worked.

The formation at the bottom of the valley is a very late happening; it was laid down in the bottom of that valley after the valley had been made, by rivers flowing through it. In some way the sandstones were laid down in the bottom of the valley when men lived there and the workshops were there. The climate then became more and more arid. Up to a certain point vegetation held the soil, but eventually it became too dry for the trees to hold the soil, and it was washed down the slopes to the bottom of the valley and gradually built it up. As the climate became more arid people gathered around the bottom of the valley, near the rivers, and lived there generation after generation while the process of erosion built up the valley. Now a reversal of process and climatic changes have begun to wash out the material, and thus the beds are exposed. The last big climatic change that we know of in North America, Europe, and Asia was when the glacial ice withdrew from the continents and modern climatic conditions set in.

#### IV

DR. NELSON. — You have seen and heard enough, I think, to make you wonder a little how primitive man could have maintained himself in a region so relatively dry and barren. Living springs and streams are few and far between; fuel, in the ordinary sense of the term, is or was probably even more scarce; the plants and animals suitable for human consumption are either limited in number or difficult to obtain; and raw materials necessary for the

production of even rudimentary tools and weapons occur hardly at all in most places. In short, the inducements for early man to have entered the Gobi Desert proper are hard to discover — unless, like ourselves, he desired now and then to investigate the unknown. That this impulse moved him I am myself strongly inclined to believe; for, you will be surprised to learn, we made hardly a single stop that did not yield us some evidence of the former presence of one or more of the recognized prehistoric human cultures.

But having said this much, it is still to be granted — in fact insisted upon — that the amount and character of the cultural evidence found varied directly with the nature of the environment. In other words, Mongolian conditions nicely illustrate for us the fact that the relation between Nature and primitive man is almost as close as is the relation between any other organism and its environment. This is one of the justifications — if justification is necessary — for including archæology in the Expedition programme.

As to precise archæological results, the Expedition this season found traces in Inner and Outer Mongolia of at least four successive, but not all closely related, culture-stages. By stretching matters a little we might perhaps lay claim to six culture-levels.

1. The latest or uppermost of these levels was purely Mongol in character; and the objects discovered — made of stone, wood, antler, and burned clay, even though sometimes dug out of cave deposits or found on long-abandoned dwelling-sites — had nothing about them to distinguish them from similar devices in the hands of the nomads now living in the region. The age indicated would range from mere decades to at most a few centuries.

2. The second level was pre-Mongol or proto-Mongol in character. The re-

mains of this culture occurred also superficially, that is, on the surface of the ground, and consisted of circular and rectangular stone enclosures, as well as of actual mounds or large conical heaps of stone. Naturally these structures were found only in localities where rocks were present, such as along the base of the mountains or in the vicinity of minor outcrops, and associated with them very commonly there were a good many petroglyphs and designs cut out into the weathered surface of the living rock.

Nearly all of these designs were in fact pictures either of human beings or of animals such as the antelope, the ibex, the stag, the horse, some of which do not occur in the region now. In two or three instances a man was depicted as holding or leading a horse, from which we inferred that the people who executed these crude pictures had the horse domesticated. Another telltale design, observed five or six times in widely separated places, was a human figure in the act of shooting the bow and arrow. The correctness of these inferences was later verified by our opening up about sixteen of the stone structures, which in most cases proved to be or to have been actual graves. In several of these we found exceptionally well-preserved remains, both skeletal and cultural, and in one instance both the saddle and the bow and arrow were present, as well as a quiver of birch-bark, arrow-points of iron, textiles, and a wooden bowl. The generally weathered and worn condition of both the graves and the rock pictures assures us that this culture dates back at least a good many centuries and probably bridges for us the so-called Bronze and Iron Ages.

3. The third and fourth culture-levels, and the ones for which we have the fullest and most satisfactory data, are respectively of Neolithic and Meso-

lithic types. These two closely related culture-stages were found repeatedly in geologic deposits regarded by Professor Berkey and Mr. Morris as probably of early post-Glacial date, sometimes separately and sometimes together in contiguous or superposed strata. The uppermost is characterized by pottery of the handmade order, decorated by geometric designs applied in various ways, such as imprinting and incising and modeling, by rubbed or ground and partly polished stone implements and utensils, such as metates, mortars, and axes, and above all by chipped stone tools and weapons, such as scrapers, knives, drills, spear- and arrow-points, in addition to a large amount of workshop waste in the shape of raw cores and flakes, some of which may have been used.

4. The lower or Mesolithic level resembles the Neolithic in enough respects for us to say that it is organically related to it — that is, ancestral to it; yet it differs from the Neolithic in exhibiting no pottery, no true polished-stone implements, and no arrow-points. In place of these items it carries a vast number of small, slender, oblong, highly specialized flakes the specific use of which is not entirely clear. The cores from which these flakes were produced, by pressure, are also very abundant. Another distinguishing characteristic is the presence of drilled disc-beads made of *strutheolites* shell, and even pendants made of, presumably, marine bivalve shells. Some of these beads, it may be added, are decorated with geometric designs. Strange to say, we found not a trace of bone or antler implements belonging to these two closely related cultures. Indeed, we found only a very few bones of any kind, and these were but slightly if at all fossilized.

The chipped-stone remains representing these two related culture-stages

were fairly abundant over an area more than two hundred miles in width, and in certain spots — favored more or less by the presence of water and firewood — they lay strewn so thickly that it was possible for four or five of us in the course of a short forenoon to pick up over fifteen thousand specimens. Needless to say, only a small percentage of them were actually finished implements, the majority being nothing more than workshop refuse. Nevertheless, the amount of artifact material, the character of the true implements, together with their mode of occurrence in stratified deposits, warrant the conclusion that we have here at least one distinctly new phase to be added to the already known prehistoric cultures of Asia. By actual stratigraphic position, and also by the specific character of certain of its implements, our pre-Neolithic-culture complex is in French terminology equivalent to the Azilian culture of Europe.

5. The fifth culture-level was indicated by isolated finds on an old gravelly land-surface of Quaternary date in the Orok-nor lake region, some nine hundred miles out on the route. These finds consist of a number of large, generally crude, and well-weathered stone implements, such as knives, scrapers, and choppers. These implements are of the chipped and flaked variety, and strongly resemble certain European forms of Mousterian and Aurignacian dates. Unfortunately, none was found *in situ*, and their discovery serves chiefly to stimulate further investigation.

6. A sixth and last cultural level — on which I lay no stress whatever — is suggested by the discovery, chiefly in the same Orok-nor region, of a large number of more or less sharp-edged stones that showed one or more chips removed from the edge, much after the manner of artifacts. The specimens are apparently examples of the much-

discussed eoliths of Europe — in other words, Nature-made implements supposed to have been used by our pre-human ancestors. Indeed, it would seem as if the Gobi Desert in certain places furnishes the conditions necessary for the production of eoliths or pseudo-implements, and that our discovery may serve to throw some real light on an otherwise long and fruitless discussion.

## V

DR. CHANEY. — In view of the great menageries of fossil animals which the palæontologists have been bringing out of Mongolia, it seemed desirable to determine the nature of the cuds on which these animals chewed. This much can be said — that, while they undoubtedly chewed to attain their great size, they did not chew any great amount of tree material. At least four weeks passed when hardly enough in the way of tree vegetation was found to appease the appetite of a small Cretaceous mammal, let alone a *Baluchitherium*. In other words, the tree flora of Mongolia, so far as we explored it, has a very poor representation. This does not mean there were not many other types of plants in Mongolia, but it does mean that the higher type of plants, plants requiring moisture, were conspicuously absent or scarce during much of older geological time. Fortunately, climatic indications may be surmised either by the discovery of or by the absence of the fossil record.

The discovery of fossil trees, depending on the particular type of tree, may indicate the rainfall obtaining in that region. The sequoia indicates forty inches of rain, the sycamore, oak, and maple perhaps thirty inches, the cottonwood and willow perhaps twenty inches, and absence of all trace of trees, conditions of low rainfall. It may be said that, so far as the nonpresence of

trees in Mongolia in the past is concerned, it appears to fit in very well with the present distribution of trees. We spent many weeks without seeing a single living tree. I have no doubt there were great stretches of trees in the basin for millions of years in the past, but the fossil flora from there consisted mainly of crude impressions, mostly undeterminable, which I feel sure were from the Upper Palæozoic and from the Jurassic. These are of such fragmentary nature that few if any deductions can be drawn from them.

In the Cretaceous and in each of the Tertiaries there were the remains of fossil tree-trunks.

Summarizing briefly, it is clear from the size of most of these tree-trunks that they were growing in a region of low rainfall. Further, the absence of any great numbers of leaf impressions or prints of the leaves indicates dry conditions. There were trees. We have portions of their stems in considerable number, and of course, since there were trees, there were leaves. Why then is the leaf record so poor? To answer the question it is only necessary to view present forest-conditions. In Arizona there are trees in favorable situations, their leaves fall in the autumn, but they are not preserved in the contemporary deposits adjoining streams and lakes. Before these sands commence to harden and form a lasting impression, the leaves are dried up and blown away. In Arizona it is too dry for any leaf-form to be preserved. In portions of Illinois and the coastal region of Oregon and California contemporary leaf-impressions are being formed. These leaves are buried under water and wet mud instead of drying up and blowing away, and in one, or ten, or a hundred, or a thousand, years it is possible still to find a leaf, or at least a record of its absence.

We see, then, that to-day in dry

regions leaves are not entered into the sedimentary records, and that in wet regions they are. In Mongolia the interpretation is that, in view of their scarcity, Mongolia was in the main dry during older geological time from the Cretaceous to the present—at least the absence of leaf-impression from most of the country bears out the suggestion.

Now there are some leaf-impressions in the Tertiary remains, but they do not contain the abundant tree-types that are found in Tertiary floras of America and Europe. What reason can we give for this comparative lack of fossil leaf-impressions in Mongolia, suggesting aridity, and their abundance in many parts of America and Europe during the same time? I might say that in some parts of America Tertiary leaf-impressions are extremely rare. They are most rare in the great plains. There at once is a clue, for it appears that Mongolia during the Tertiary and the Cretaceous was nowhere near the seacoast. The finding in Manchuria within the last few weeks of an abundant series of leaf-impressions of sequoia, trees now growing only in Western America, of oak and maple and sycamore, many genera now living on the Continent and none of which is found to be living in Manchuria—the finding of these shows that in certain parts of Asia conditions were favorable to their growth during the Tertiary. It is my opinion, based on preliminary evidence, that the reason for a great redwood forest occurring in Manchuria, while in the north only treeless plains existed, was the presence of the same mountain-range which to-day separates Manchuria from Mongolia. We have to-day in California a region of mountains and an inland desert, and trees grow there only under the most favorable conditions. Conditions in Mongolia during the Tertiary were

much as on the Pacific Coast of North America at the present time.

One phase of my work has been the collecting of the living plants. I hope at some later time by means of the study of these to throw further light on the past climate of Mongolia, since the range of living plants may, due to its peculiarities, indicate relationship to that of former times. These collections have not been studied. Doctors Berkey and Morris discovered birch trees hundreds of miles away from the

nearest forest of birch and separated from each other by hundreds of miles of desert. How did they get there? The reasonable explanation is that there were once continuous forests before the drying process came into effect. To-day these little patches of birches represent the last survivals of that great forest, and these are in the most favorable situations possible, at the bottom of canyons. Altogether there were nearly five hundred species of modern plants collected.

## WHY I BECAME A PAN-EUROPEAN<sup>1</sup>

BY BRONISLAW HUBERMAN

I HAVE spent the last four winters in the United States, and I shall first relate my experiences there, for they explain how I was converted to the idea of a United States of Europe. I am not one of those prejudiced Europeans who look down upon America. On the contrary, many of its political and social institutions impress me as models and excite my envy. I wish my fellow Europeans, especially the wealthier among them, would take a lesson from the liberal public spirit and the sense of civic duty that inspires many Americans of their class.

Since the days of the Medici the world has not seen such generous givers as every important town in the United States to-day possesses. Universities, research institutions, museums, libraries, conservatories, symphony orchestras with adequate concert-halls, testify to the munificence of public-

spirited private citizens. Nor do these men confine their bounty to signing checks. They often devote a substantial part of their time and energy to the welfare of these institutions.

I can hear the prejudiced European objecting: 'Yes, but with all their wealth it's no real sacrifice to give a little.' But I look around our circle of European Croesuses in vain for a Carnegie or a Rockefeller who devotes two thirds of his wealth to public objects.

What made the strongest impression upon me, however, was not the wealth of individuals in America, of which we hear many misleading stories, but the general standard of well-being among the masses. It was to see so many people wearing silk stockings and fur collars, and riding around in automobiles. These things were much more impressive to me than the glitter of diamonds in the boxes at the Metropolitan Opera.

Let me relate some personal experiences. When I reached a city of the

<sup>1</sup> From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), October 4



Middle West, on one of my first engagements in America, I found a musical acquaintance waiting for me at the station. I remembered him well as occupying the last seat among the second violins in the Warsaw Philharmonic. After the usual greetings this fellow countryman of mine said that he would take me to the hotel in his machine and then accompany me to the rehearsal. I thought I must have misunderstood him, and said it was very kind of the people in charge of my recital to place an automobile at my disposal. Whereupon my friend informed me that it was his own machine. I smiled, but felt an inner shock. Can it be, I thought, that this fellow, who was hardly up to playing the last of the second violins in Warsaw, has a position here that enables him to keep his own automobile? He must be the director at least. How much better off an American director must be than any director, or even impresario, I know in Europe. Filled with forebodings as to the quality of such an orchestra, I went to the rehearsal. But what did I see there? My fellow countryman who owns his automobile, with a modesty inconceivable in a European thus blessed, took the same place at the end of the row of second violins that he had held in Warsaw. The only difference was that in Europe he had looked half-starved and impecunious, while here he looked like a prosperous businessman.

Another example. I set up house-keeping in America and engaged a servant. His monthly wage was a hundred and ten dollars. A European who converts this sum into the money of his own country may half-incredulously pity me. But he would be wasting his pity, for a hundred and ten dollars was no larger a percentage of my American income than the wages of a similar

servant in Europe would have been of my income at home. But the significant fact was the relation of that man's salary to his expenses. He had to pay nothing for room and board. Suppose he wanted a pair of shoes. He could buy them for five dollars, or about four per cent of his monthly wages. But let us assume that he was a little more ambitious and wanted a Ford automobile. The price of that was two hundred and sixty-five dollars, or less than two and one-half months' salary. Now point out to me any country in Europe, even before the war, where a servant could buy a pair of substantial shoes for a day and a quarter's wages, or an automobile for seventy days' wages! Such conditions are not unusual in America. They are universal. I knew a lady who had to give up a woman cook whom she had engaged because she did not have room in her garage for the cook's automobile.

Still another example from a different occupation. In getting aboard a sleeping-car I hung on to my precious violin-case. That aroused the interest of the colored porter, who was a music-lover. Let me say parenthetically that I think the American Negroes, with their in-born gift for rhythm and melody, are about the most promising musical material in the country. When I began to practise, as is my custom when traveling, I could not keep that porter out of my compartment. It turned out that he owned a hundred Victrola records of Kreisler, Elman, Heifetz, and my modest self, which he criticized in his characteristic dialect, to my intense but suppressed amusement. Now I never met, even in the most musical countries of Europe, a railway porter who could talk with me appreciatively and intelligently about the quality of my playing as reproduced on Victrola records. A Continental porter might possibly be a member of a men's

chorus, for our European railway men are sometimes musical, but I can hardly conceive of his having a more extensive knowledge of the musical world than that connection might give him.

Conceive also my surprise when, upon offering my room-servant at a hotel a free ticket to one of my symphony concerts, he refused it with thanks, explaining that he had a season ticket for the whole series. Yet that was not so surprising as it might appear, for a season ticket for a fairly good seat at the ten concerts cost \$7.50, or no more than it would in Europe; and in proportion to the man's wages, which were several times as high as they would be here, it was a mere bagatelle.

I received still another memorable surprise at a concert I gave to the employees of the Beechnut plant, one of America's finest food-preserving establishments. This concert was not got up as a similar entertainment would have been in Europe — through an invitation from a Social-Democrat labor delegation to play for the workers gratuitously. It was a regular business-engagement, at my usual fee, arranged between my agent and the proprietors. I should have been well repaid by the experience itself, however, had I given the concert free. I do not know whether my playing came up to the expectations of my audience of employees, but my own expectations regarding themselves, though high, were far exceeded. The people came in their own automobiles, including not only Fords but also more expensive cars. The ladies were dressed much better than those in a middle-class European audience — elegant shoes, silk stockings, fur collars, and, last but not least, a certain self-possession and poise that I admire immensely in the American fair sex; and the men were quite worthy of their partners in dress and manners. I could

not help drawing mental comparisons between their appearance and that of a similar audience in Europe, and I felt a heart-pang as I recalled the pale careworn faces and shabby clothing I should have seen on such an occasion in my own country.

I could fill volumes with similar incidents. But they would add nothing to what I have already said. Universal prosperity, general content, and a certain pride in belonging to a great, united nation, take the place of our irritating class-distinctions, of the mutual hatred between bourgeoisie and proletariat, and of our national animosities. This difference even produces a clearly discernible physical resilience in the American people. Nowhere else can you hear the grass of progress grow the way that you can there.

Such impressions were reinforced, moreover, by economic phenomena that seem to a European like the effect of witchcraft. For instance, take the relation between wages and prices. The average wage of an American worker must be at least three and one-half times that of a European. Nevertheless, the product of his labor is by no means three and one-half times dearer than in Europe. It is not two and one-half times dearer. Many things may cost twice as much, but other things cost no more, and some things are even cheaper than in Europe. Any man can see that if an operative earns three and one-half times the European wage for making a hat, for example, but that hat can be sold for the European price, he can buy three and one-half times as many hats as his European comrade. If, however, — as, for example, in the automobile industry and in the building-trades, — he earns from four to ten times the European wage, but can produce things to sell at one fourth of the European

price, then there is a relation between wages and purchasing power that simply bewilders a European. In such cases the American worker is sixteen to forty times better off than our workers. The most remarkable, but by no means unique, instance of this kind is at the Ford works. They keep on raising the wages of their employees, reducing the prices of their cars, and yet adding to their profits!

Now such things make a man think. They must have a cause. I made an exhaustive inspection of the Ford plant in Detroit just to discover, if possible, this cause. The impression that the place made on me was as overwhelming as that produced by a *Partitur* by Stravinski — both alike were emanations of genius and the contemporary spirit.

The shortest explanation of the magic formula of America's prosperity, whose most perfect exponent perhaps is the Ford system, is the United States. The United States connotes two all-important factors — mass output and quantity markets; in other words, the lowest possible costs of production and the largest possible sales. These two factors combine to cheapen goods automatically. They make it possible, not only to lower costs of production to the minimum, but also to place products in the hands of consumers at these low costs of production plus profits, with no deduction for customs duties and war taxes, which are as inevitable on a continent divided up

into a multitude of petty States as is war itself.

I returned to Europe filled with these ideas, and resolved to start a campaign for a United States of Europe. But the first time I opened my mouth to proclaim this new gospel a friend slapped me smilingly on the shoulder and said: 'Yes, yes, I know where you get that idea. Pan-Europa.'

I asked him what he meant, and learned that a movement to attain this object already existed — the Pan-Europa organization of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi. I bought his book, and was delighted to find many of my ideas already in it, and above all to discover that his object was identical with my own.

I do not pique myself upon the originality of my ideas. They are everywhere in the air. We judge the man of vision, whether he be poet, leader, or prophet, not by the novelty of his revelations, but by his ability to give form and substance to what already lies in the hearts and minds of men. Coudenhove has done that. He has studied the problem under all its aspects and has always come back to the same conclusion. All roads may not lead to Rome, but all roads do lead to a United States of Europe — the road of reason, the road of material prosperity, and the roads of ethics, of religion, of pacificism, of Christian love for our neighbor, and of the instinct of self-preservation.

## TACNA AND ARICA<sup>1</sup>

By JACKIE DEITRICK

I HAVE been writing about Tacna-Arica for almost a month now, and except for meagre little glimpses here and there, where a bit of background was necessary in this story or that, I have n't given a picture of the towns themselves and their surroundings.

So we'll forget about exiles and murders and street fights and broken vows for a while, and by way of a nice, peaceful, restful change, I'll pass on a few sketchy impressions of the place that all the fuss is about.

We are anchored out about four fifths of a nautical mile from shore, which in plain English means a launch ride of ten minutes or so. One can see people walking on the dock, and with field-glasses can clearly distinguish the signs on the buildings along the waterfront. And from this close range, if one holds up a pencil horizontally, reminiscent of art-class days in high school, the whole settlement of Arica measures exactly three of a pencil that has been sharpened five times.

From the left, curved like a new moon, the shore comes sweeping around to the Morro, the great squarish rocky cliff that shields the town from the ocean wind; and with the Morro, the land-line juts sharply out of sight, giving the effect of a scimitar-shaped peninsula.

The town, a huddled little composition of trees and windmills and low squatty houses, nestles against the base of the hills, creeping up the back

of the Morro on one side, and losing itself in a miniature, bunchy grove of eucalypti on the other. A few straggly buildings erected by the Chileans, and somehow aloof from the rest of the village, extend on beyond, including the big gray cuartel, at present the headquarters of the plebiscitary commissions. The Arica-La Paz railroad circles the shore, scattered sheds and laborers' cots dotting its course at intervals.

Humble and unpretentious herself, Arica's hills are her crowning glory. And you must n't get the idea that these hills are merely somewhere in the distance, because they're the very shore-line itself, leaving just barely enough flat land at their foot for the railroad to run around. They're long, table-topped affairs for the most part, but broken into lumpy fragments here and there, and ever flecked with the blue shadows of low-hanging clouds.

Totally barren of vegetation, these hillsides are a magic canvas upon which Nature experiments with colors heretofore untried. According to the hour of day, their normally brown slopes change hue, mirroring the moods of the sun.

If one wants to see Arica from one end to the other with no expense save a very, very tired pair of feet, all that is necessary is that it be known that one is from the Ucayali while one asks directions to some place a mere block or so away. Two policemen and three private citizens in relay sent me twelve blocks out of my way en route to the

<sup>1</sup> From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly), September 15

American Consulate, and a U. S. marine finally rallied to my assistance and escorted me back again. I am by no means the only one of Peruvian sympathies to have the experience. I mention this detail because, in telling about a place, a description of its people as well is not amiss.

But as for the town itself, it is a quaint, delightful blend of cobblestones, varicolored plaster dwellings and *tien-das*, unbelievably narrow sidewalks, willowlike shade-trees, and purple bougainvillea. Every street is tree-lined, and the twin plazas, *Colón* and *Vicuña MacKenna*, are veritable gardens of rich-leafed herbage and gay-petaled flowers. Blossomed trellises shade the benches, while cloudlike masses of bougainvillea drip from the branches of the tallest trees. And equally as incongruous as are Tacna-Arica's orange groves on shores of waters wherein seals abound, palmetto and cedar grow side by side under the stirring tips of the regal blooms.

Up and down the bumpy cobbles, small hunchy-backed, scuffy-hoofed donkeys go half-drowsing along, laden with huge woven *paniers* full of market produce and various and sundry other wares, and, often as not, upon their very haunches, behind the already double load, perch their masters or mistresses, astride or sidewise, utterly indifferent as to the hour when the destination shall be reached.

The train that takes one from Arica to Tacna is composed of 'one small wheezy engine, one nondescript odds-and-ends car, and one tiny dingy passenger-coach.' Nevertheless it is one of the most earnestly laboring pieces of machinery I have ever seen. There are times when one feels quite positive it is going to give up and sit down in the middle of the track. But with truly laudable perseverance it struggles on and on, and eventually,

haggard but triumphant, attains its goal.

Past a company of red-footed diving ducks basking on the remains of an old pier; past a coalyard; through the miniature forest of eucalyptus trees and hibiscus bushes that one sees from the harbor; on by the long gray stone *cuartel*; and past a group of more laden, floppy-eared burros grazing in a green field, the little train goes winding its way out of Arica, and rounds the curve of the shore.

With a wide stony beach on its left over which ludicrous-visaged pelicans go flapping lazily, it edges farther and farther away from the water, swinging in toward the sun-dusted hills on its right. And as the V of the track and the shore-line widens and widens and widens, one realizes, all at once, that the beach, whose stones have thinned mile by mile and gradually ceased to be, is turning right before one's very eyes into a broad, streaky desert; and before very long, as one sways ever nearer and nearer the glimmery hills, one discovers that they are n't real hills at all, but immense dunes of sparkling, twinkling sand!

The train stops for a moment in a little settlement of some five or six low cabins made of dried cane-stalks and adobe, and goes grinding on into the very heart of the desert. Dry river-beds, their waters long since absorbed by the parched sands, course across the track, burdenless, to the sea. Some of these riverless troughs are very deep, and along their borders green shrubs still flourish, like motionless ranks of soldiers drawn up along an avenue of state. Upon the brinks of others, the vegetation is browning and drooping, dying a slow, inevitable death of thirst. Some of the river-beds, shrubless entirely, are swept full of sand, for all the world like silent, tragic graves, all traces of what was



once a colorful living thing long ago destroyed.

Endless chains of footprints of men and beasts follow the tracks and the telephone wires, and the pauses of weary travelers are marked here and there by dump-heaps and blackened holes in the sand and abandoned ovens of baked earth and piled rock. Little crosses made of charred sticks represent wayside shrine or grave; wrecks of deserted shacks dot the broad waste at intervals; and the brittle white bones of animals lie further bleaching in the glare.

The sea left behind, the dune-hills on the left draw closer and closer, low clouds trailing across them like blowing smoke. Beyond loom the mountains, giants towering above the lesser summits, snow-peaked in the distance, shadowed by their clouds and dappled by the sun like the blue-and-gold design of an exquisite brocade.

Across the rippled sand, cupped in a little far-off valley, all at once appears a spot that one feels certain must be a mirage. Very, very slowly—for this has been uphill for some time—the panting engine rounds a long curve at the foot of the sand-hills and creeps into that bower of green separated from the streaky, barren sands almost by a definite line. Beautiful flower-gardens, trellises of bright-red bougainvillea, spreading trees of various kinds, rich vegetable-plots, and splendid canefields bespeak the presence of human life. Presently that life becomes much in evidence and one discovers that one is passing through an outpost of Chile's carabineer forces. And for the next five or ten minutes not a single person save policemen and soldiers is to be seen.

Then come the true outskirts of Tacna, and while one is gazing spell-bound out of the window at the settlement, the like of which one has

probably never seen before, he is tapped upon the shoulder and advised that the journey is done.

The very first thing to pop into a person's head when he pays his first visit to Tacna is that it should have been christened, instead, 'Toytown' or 'Doll-house City.' Not that it is so small in area,—it's about three times the size of Arica,—but its whole general type of architecture is so delightfully diminutive as to make the people upon its streets and in its doorways seem almost out of proportion.

It is much older than Arica, and except for its business buildings and other structures of more recent date it is made up almost entirely of painted adobe cottages, built, in spite of their individual hues, so smack up against each other as to produce the effect of a solid block-long front, but with a roof-line as varying as one of those diagrams of the cross-section of a mountain range that one sometimes sees down in one corner of maps.

The color combinations are many and weird, though the colors themselves rather unostentatiously incline toward the pastel shades in lieu of the blatant deeper tones that distinguish the Arican house-fronts. Pinks and yellows and light oranges and blues and pea-greens and lavenders unite to make a rainbow out of every street. A pea-green house may have a blue door and pink iron bars at its window, while its neighbor cottage may be yellow with lavender bars and an orange door. One may well believe, however, that the *tout ensemble* is too fascinating to be the least bit offensive to even the most artistic eye.

A thousand and one signs to the contrary in every city in the world, one must go to Tacna to see one's first genuine one-way street. I had thought that Panama's thoroughfares were narrow, but there, by slowing

down, scraping the curb, and swearing at the other driver, one can worm oneself out of one's error. In Tacna one has no recourse whatsoever but to back up. A vehicle traveling in the exact centre of Tacna's cross-streets has a bare meagre foot to spare from wheel-rim to sidewalk. As for surface, the principal ways of this unique town are cobbled, but there are many within the pueblo limits still unaltered since the making.

What does one see on the streets? A few autos — taxis that will take you to see the sights for ten pesos an hour, regardless of the number of passengers; ramshackle, iron-tired 'coaches' with the aspect of having been treated like the overalls in the advertisement, drawn by two skinny ponies totally unburdened with harness save for bridle and collar; lumbering, two-wheeled oxcarts driven by men, women, and children; more panier-laden, hunchy, gray burros like those of Arica; and policemen; and soldiers.

Down through the very midst of the town runs the 'Alameda,' a comparatively broad avenue divided into right and left by a little park-effects made of green grass and bright palmettos and stone benches. Under the sod of this park flows the stream that originally furnished the whole town with its water. During late years it has been arched and hidden from sight, and neat modern reservoirs now store the supply instead.

Of Tacna's several buildings of interest, the most important are Bolívar's residence on the 'Alameda' and, at the avenue's termination, the Cathedral — or, rather, what would have been the Cathedral. Begun by the Peruvians some years before the War of the South Pacific, and later torn apart by the Chileans and its material used elsewhere, it stands a sad, patient symbol of entire Peruvian Tacna, awaiting hopefully the day when it may, at the triumph of long-denied justice, take up its life again.

## SOVIET STRATEGY IN BULGARIA<sup>1</sup>

BY BELA KELEMEN

[THE following partly summarized account of Communist activities in Bulgaria supplements the article upon Soviet Imperialism in China that we published in our issue of November 7.]

BULGARIA has had no peace since the Armistice. In particular, the two years since the overthrow of the Agrarian régime by the Democratic Entente now

<sup>1</sup> From *Rassegna Italiana* (Rome political and literary monthly), August

in power have been characterized by violent disorders. During September 1923 an armed Agrarian and Communist uprising spread devastation through the northern portion of the kingdom. A year later Southwestern Bulgaria was the scene of a bitter struggle between Macedonian Nationalists and Macedonian Bolsheviks. Last winter an uninterrupted succession of raids across the Western frontier, bandit forays in the interior, attacks

upon life and property, and political assassinations, kept the country agitated. These disorders reached a crisis last April when an insurrection, unfortunately stifled in its birth, started in the vicinity of Vratza. An attempt was made to murder King Boris on his return from a hunting-trip, and a bomb outrage in the Cathedral at Sofia destroyed the lives of more than two hundred people and wounded five hundred others.

These unhappy incidents are clearly traceable to a common cause. Identical documents, emanating from Moscow and from Moscow's agitation centres in Europe, have been discovered that confirm this conclusion. Bulgaria has been in a state of war against the Third International for two years.

Why should the Third International pick out Bulgaria among all the Balkan States as its point of attack? Why should it choose a country whose economic structure, racial integrity, social status, and national character would seem at first blush to make it immune to foreign Bolshevik infection?

We all know that Bulgaria is a land of small freeholders, where almost every peasant owns his farm and is a vigilant defender of his property. Moreover, Bulgaria has few manufactures, and the industrial proletariat that is beginning to form there still constitutes but a minute fraction of the population. Furthermore, Bulgaria is inhabited almost exclusively by people of the same nationality. Such alien minorities as live within its territories have no grievances, and are satisfied with the liberty and privileges they now enjoy. When we consider with what skill agitators of the Third International make conflicts between discordant nationalities and the discontent of national minorities in other countries serve their ends, it would

seem as if this tie of common blood alone would protect Bulgaria from disintegrating propaganda.

The Third International, by selecting such a country for its operations, instead of Yugoslavia or Rumania, where the people are divided by racial, national, and religious differences and are constantly fighting each other, and where there is already a fairly important industrial proletariat, seems at first sight to have invited defeat.

But there is another side to the question. Bulgaria was wisely chosen, for several reasons. Her geographical position makes her an excellent base of operations against Greece as well as Yugoslavia and Rumania. The ground has been prepared for the Bolsheviks by the Agrarian dictator, Stambuliskii. She has been more completely disarmed than any other country in Eastern Europe, and her Government is isolated diplomatically and surrounded by suspicious and hostile neighbors.

Stambuliskii was swept into power immediately after the Armistice by a tide of popular indignation against the politicians who had dragged the country into a disastrous war. He publicly proclaimed himself a forerunner of Communism. He openly declared: 'The Communists are the only possible heirs of the Agrarian régime.' Indeed, the only difference between the Agrarianism of Stambuliskii and the Bolshevism of Moscow was that the former expropriated and assassinated in the name of a dictatorship of the peasants, and the latter in the name of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Stambuliskii was a tacit, if not a professed, ally of Moscow, and Soviet propaganda had a free rein under his government. A Bolshevik Red Cross Mission installed in the home of the former Russian Legation was nothing more than a Soviet proselyting agency.

Then came the overthrow of June 9,

1923, which turned Stambuliskii and his Cabinet out of office. A great purifying wind swept over Bulgaria, and for the first time in the country's history, except on the field of battle, all the better elements of the nation were united. The Communists tried to seize the reins of government the following September, when they raised the Red flag over a few villages in the North-east, but they were speedily suppressed, and their leaders, Kolarov, Dimitrov, and Gravil Guenoff, fled to Moscow. The two former are to-day members of the Executive Committee of the Third International; and Guenoff returned to ensconce himself at Nish, close to the Bulgarian frontier, as 'Representative of the Military Section of the Third International.'

While the principal leaders of the movement thus sought refuge in Moscow or in Prague and Vienna, their militant followers, both Yellow and Red, both Agrarian and Communist, found sanctuary nearer home in Serbian territory. Some twelve hundred of them still lurk along the border, and these are the men who have directly instigated the recent troubles in their country.

Stambuliskii left behind him the Peasants Union — an organization that has struck deep roots among the people and still survives despite internal dissensions. It has afforded an excellent handle for the Bolsheviks to use to get hold of the common people, performing in this respect much the same rôle that a catalytic agent does in a chemical reaction. The Communists have also been favored by the immense prestige that Russia still possesses in the minds of the Bulgarian people — a prestige that the war has heightened rather than diminished. The masses still believe that it was a sacrilege for the Bulgarians to enter the war against their brother Slavs, who liberated them

from the Turkish yoke. In spite of all Germany's urging, the equestrian statue of Tsar Alexander at Sofia was never removed from its site in front of Parliament House. So when the Bulgarian finds himself paying heavy taxes for reparations, requisitions, and expenses of occupation; when he sees his country deprived of access to the Aegean Sea and robbed of provinces historically and racially his own; when he thinks of his unhappy brothers under a foreign yoke, he instinctively looks toward Russia, toward his 'Big Brother Ivan,' to liberate him again. The Third International has had no scruples about profiting to the utmost by this feeling. Its agents have promised Bulgaria that the Treaty of Neuilly shall be annulled and that she shall gather all her sons under her flag within a Federation of Soviet Balkan Republics.

Another condition that has favored Bolshevik propaganda is the presence of half a million refugees on Balkan soil. Shortly after the peace of Bucharest was signed, a Western diplomat said to a Bulgarian colleague: 'What are you grumbling about? You have divided Macedonia between the Serbs, the Greeks, and yourselves. The Serbs and the Greeks have taken the land, and you have taken the people. The future may say that you got the best of the bargain.' Unquestionably this great influx of serious, industrious, patriotic men and women, who were ready to abandon all they possessed rather than lose their nationality, was for a time an advantage for Bulgaria. But they kept coming in after the country was suffering from an acute economic crisis, when there were few opportunities for employment, when credits were curtailed, when the country was in extreme financial distress. The refugees who had been expelled from Greece in the middle of the win-

ter, despoiled of all they owned, half-starved and sick, were not a desirable element. Among such destitute and desperate men Bolshevik agitators found ready converts.

Added to this is the existence of an intellectual proletariat, the product of a school system poorly adjusted to the needs of the country. Bulgarians are intensely eager to get an education. But a peasant boy who has graduated from a public school and a secondary institution can find no suitable employment at home, where there is little opportunity for brain workers. As a result, he is likely to become a mal-content, a social rebel, a dangerous man. Stambuliskii recruited from this class his prefects, underprefects, and chiefs of police. Moscow has followed the same practice, as the recent Communist trials at Sofia show. The long processions of the accused consisted of discharged officials, briefless lawyers, architects without commissions, and musicians without orchestras. Only an insignificant number were peasants; and there was not a single mechanic among them! If a 'Dictatorship of Peasants and Workers' is ever set up in Bulgaria, it will be done by a few intellectuals out of a job.

Bulgaria is handicapped further in her struggle against the Third International by her defenseless condition. With an area slightly larger than that of Hungary, her army is less than half as large. She has an undefended frontier along the Black Sea easily accessible to the Third International. Up to the present the latter has confined its activities to disembarking there consignments of arms and 'special missions' of peoples' commissars and Red army officers.

Having shown some of the reasons why Bulgaria has proved to be a weak link in the cordon of nations confronting Soviet Russia, let us consider for

a moment some of the details of the intrigues that have kept that country in constant turmoil. On the twenty-fourth of November, 1924, a conference was held at the Soviet Legation in Vienna in which it was formally resolved 'to make Bulgaria the principal focus of revolutionary activity in the Balkans.' The following December a special courier, Karl Slany, reached Sofia with money and instructions that he delivered to Yankov, the head of the military section of the Communist organization there. Late in December a secret meeting was held in that city, at the house of a well-known member of the Party, where all of its important leaders were present, including the brother of Gravit Guenoff, who came expressly from Serbia to attend it. This meeting decided upon the assassination of the King and the members of the Cabinet, which was to be the signal for a general insurrection. On December 31, by a mere stroke of good fortune, an infernal machine was discovered, before it did damage, in the Military Club at Sofia, where the members of the Cadet Academy were to give their New Year's ball, a function which the King and the Cabinet were scheduled to attend. This machine, according to military experts, was made in Russia, and was deposited in the Club by Yankov and Minkov personally.

When this conspiracy failed, another was planned. The King was to be killed and then the entire Cabinet was to be blown up at his funeral. This was to be done in the latter part of March, and April 16 was to be the first day of the Communist mobilization. Meanwhile raids and forays by armed bands both across the border and in the interior were to keep the public agitated and to undermine central authority.

On March 28 the police identified



and searched the house in Rusalka Street where the Communist Military Committee had its headquarters. Two provincial commanders were arrested, and the famous plan of mobilization for the district of Vratza was discovered in a secret drawer. The police decided to print immediately all the information unearthed regarding the conspiracy, including the names of the members of the Central Committee, so that the public might help them run down the guilty parties. Nothing further happened during the first weeks of April, but suddenly on the fourteenth of that month came the attempt to assassinate the King, who fortunately escaped. That same evening General Georgiev, a leading member of the General Staff and one of the most popular officers in the army, was murdered at Sofia. The dreadful tragedy at the Cathedral on Good Friday followed immediately. Everything went off like clockwork. Let us bear in mind that the attempt to kill the King was not known in Sofia until seven in the evening, and that at eight o'clock the General, whose funeral was to take the place of the royal funeral in bringing the Cabinet together, had already been assassinated.

But Yankov, Minkov, and Abajiev miscalculated the direction of the explosion. The bomb they put in the Cathedral was placed less than a yard too far back, and the Cabinet escaped.

Furthermore, apparently stunned by the horror of their own work and intimidated by the lightning speed with which the authorities acted, — the entire district was cordoned by troops in less than five minutes, — the Communist cohorts in Sofia failed to move. Since the plan for a revolt at Vratza had already been detected, nothing happened there. The police at once arrested more than three thousand suspects, and all the Communist leaders — Friedmann, Yankov, Minkov, Grencharov, and the others — were captured either dead or alive.

But did this end the Bulgarian drama? Simple indeed is he who imagines so. Immediately after the failure of the Cathedral explosion to accomplish its object, the representatives of the Third International placed Gueorgui Dmitrov in charge of political and military operations in the Balkans, with orders to overthrow the Zankov régime in Bulgaria and 'violently suppress' the members of the Cabinet. Its Bulgarian Central Committee was reorganized under the presidency of Stanchi Dmitrov, who was the brains of the old Committee. New instructions have been intercepted directing the death of certain leaders of the bourgeois Opposition. The Third International is still fighting. It has spent too many millions, it has made too great an effort, it has lost too many men, to give up the game.

## AN HONEST THIEF<sup>1</sup>

BY J. S. MACHAR

'JAN KROUTIL, single, forty years of age, with a record of sixteen previous prison-terms for offenses ranging from petty to grand larceny, now before this court on the charge of having broken into the home of Mr. Hinko Jampehlek on the night of August 27-28 and stolen several valuable articles, is hereby declared guilty of the said crime and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment at hard labor. After the completion of the said sentence the police authorities are directed to return the accused to the place of his birth, after which he is forbidden to return to Prague.'

Thus ran the sentence imposed upon Jan Kroutil by His Honor the District Judge.

'Eight months!' the culprit exclaimed happily, and began to count them on his fingers. 'September, October, November, December, January, February, March, and April — eight months. Then spring again! That was what I had coming to me, fair and square — eight months. I thank Your Honor most humbly — most] humbly indeed.'

A person observing his face would never have suspected that the fellow had been in prison sixteen times for theft. Such honest, innocent, happy features! Good-natured, baby-blue eyes, heavy brows, a long philosophical nose, large lips, clean-shaven — well, he looked like one of those good, inoffensive peasants from upcountry who throng to Prague during the early weeks of the fall.

<sup>1</sup> From *Konfesije Literata*

In his home village older folks still remembered Jan's early years. He had been a good attentive boy at school. Later he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in a neighboring town, and his master considered him a diligent, conscientious apprentice. Shortly after he completed his apprenticeship he disappeared into the wide world, dropping out of sight like a stone cast into a pool. Where he went and what he did while away were a mystery. Several years later he suddenly returned to the village — escorted by a gendarme! He was an ex-convict, whom, as the law required, the authorities returned to the place that had inflicted him upon the world. The documents which the gendarme handed to the mayor stated that Jan Kroutil had been in prison for theft; but the people, as well as the mayor himself, disregarded those — Jan looked so honest and innocent and good-natured. But in the fall he again vanished, and the following spring a gendarme returned him once more to his native village.

Jan Kroutil believed neither in sowing nor in reaping, but in getting in jail for the explicit purpose of having lodgings and regular meals during the winter. During the rest of the year he managed to live with as little effort as possible. Where he acquired this philosophy of life is part of the mystery of his existence between the time that he dropped out of sight and his first term for theft. Anyway, he appeared quite satisfied. And the people of the village to which the matter-of-fact authorities

returned him every spring, because he had happened to be born there, got used to him and accepted him as they accepted the other things that made up their lives. In the spring, when the birds began to return from the South, the villagers said: 'Well, the birds are coming home and I guess it won't be long now before they bring Kroutil back too, eh?' And presently the gendarme did bring him back, turning over to the mayor the usual batch of papers setting forth the man's offense, and so on; and each time the mayor and his fellow villagers gave no thought to them. They spoke to Kroutil as though he were one of the most respectable members of the community; and for that matter, at least as far as they were concerned, he was a decent sort of person. He never stole from anyone in the village; on the contrary, the peasants liked to hire him to guard their fields and orchards, to protect their potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, and fruit. In fact, he was the most conscientious and trusted watchman thereabout.

And now he was in again from September till next April.

The prisoners, many of whom knew him from his previous stays among them, greeted him cordially. They considered Kroutil a kind of authority on a number of things. His frankness and honesty were assets even among thieves, wife-beaters, and vagrants. If two of them became involved in a dispute, they usually appealed to Kroutil and accepted his decision. He had seen a considerable part of the world and could tell interesting and entertaining stories. They never tired of his tales; indeed, they never ceased asking him for more. And when the time came for him to leave them, they were as sad as they were happy when he returned in the fall.

One day a prison official called him to his office.

'Kroutil,' he said, 'from to-morrow on I want you to be orderly to a couple of gentlemen we have upstairs. Come with me and I'll show you.'

The 'gentlemen upstairs' were also prisoners, but of a class different from that of Kroutil and his companions.

'This will be an easy job,' said the prison official. 'All you'll have to do is to sweep the floor, make their beds, and keep their room in order. They are a couple of editors. Each has eight months to serve, like yourself. If you get along well with them, you won't be sorry — they smoke excellent Turkish cigarettes.'

So Jan Kroutil became orderly to the two 'gentlemen of the press.' This was in the days when a few words, or even letters, unguardedly printed were apt to put a Czech editor in jail. The paper which these men edited had printed something impolite about His Majesty the Emperor; so as a matter of course they were promptly arrested and clapped into prison for eight months. But the prison officials were more or less in sympathy with the editors' opinions, and therefore they gave them a separate room and an orderly.

Every day Kroutil swept their floors, made their beds, and smoked their fine Turkish cigarettes. Sometimes they talked with him. They asked him about his past life and his offenses, and they wondered. The fellow was an unusual culprit, a man who unquestionably had all the natural instincts of honesty and decency. Seventeen times in jail for theft, yet morally clean and wholesome! A conundrum!

Winter came, and with it snow and cold. Bleak, gray days began to stare through the barred window into the editorial cell, and the two newspaper men, who were used to having their

fingers on the pulse of life, were now a sad, lonesome couple. Kroutil, who came in daily to clean and sweep and to tend the stove, was practically their only diversion.

'Well, Kroutil,' one of them said one day, 'you, I suppose, are now used to looking at this kind of weather through the bars?'

'Yes,' answered Kroutil. 'I'm not complaining. If I were n't here, chances are that I should freeze to death outside like a sparrow. Thank you, I'm satisfied; yes, sir.'

'But Kroutil, why in the world don't you return to a respectable life?' asked the other.

'You know, sir, that is n't easy in my case. I shall soon receive my seventeenth dismissal documents, and for the seventeenth time they will return me to Kralovicé, where I was born. To tell the truth, I doubt very much if anybody would trust me enough to give me a job, except maybe the peasants back home in Kralovicé, and they have no orchards to guard in the wintertime. So the best thing I can do is to get into jail. And if you stop to think about it, I'm not so badly off as it might seem. Besides, I'm used to it.' And he smiled and scratched his close-cropped head.

Once he ventured to ask them what they had done to be in jail, and they told him that they had offended His Majesty the Emperor of Vienna.

Kroutil stared at them for a few moments.

'How did you offend him?'

'Oh, we just said some impolite things about him,' they answered.

He nodded his head thoughtfully and walked out with his broom and dustpan.

Winter passed and April came. The journalists had only two more days to serve, and Kroutil about a week.

'Kroutil,' said one of them as he entered the room that morning, 'I've some good news for you. We want to give you a job when you get out.'

Kroutil stared at them anxiously. 'Where, sir?'

'With our paper. It won't be much of a job, but I think you'll like it. You'll be our janitor; sweep up once or twice a day and keep things more or less in order about the place. It won't be much different from what you're doing here.'

'And when do I begin?'

'As soon as you get out.'

'But, sir, that can't be. They are going to send me back to the village where I was born, and I'm forbidden to return to Prague.'

'Oh, never mind that,' the editor assured him. 'We'll fix that for you. I know the chief warden — he's a good friend of mine — and I'll get him to give you a permit to remain in Prague. I'll tell him that we'll give you a job and vouch for you. I'll come for you next week and take you with me. Now what do you say?'

'I'd like to try, sir,' answered Kroutil.

A week later the ex-convict was introduced to his job. The editor took him around personally, but Kroutil seemed none too enthusiastic over his new position. Even the attractive little room in the attic which the editor showed him as his bedchamber failed to drive the clouds from his face.

'Is there anything that you don't like about the job?' the editor inquired, with some disappointment.

'Oh no, sir,' replied Kroutil weakly. 'Everything is splendid.' He went to work that day, but the next morning he approached the editor and said:—

'I hope you'll excuse me, sir, but I can't stay, much as I'd like to. I can't stay, on your account. There are so

many people here, coming and going, and there are so many things lying loose around the rooms, that it is quite probable something might disappear. I know that I shan't take anything, — I trust myself, — but I also know that people would say right away, "Kroutil stole it!" and everybody would believe them. They would laugh at you because you trusted me. I trust myself absolutely, but —'

'Now never mind that,' the editor interrupted. 'I trust you too; I know that you're absolutely straight.'

'Thank you, sir, but just the same I can't stay. It may cause unpleasantness to you and me. Besides, I've got another job.'

'What kind of job? Honest?' asked the editor.

'Yes, sir. I'll never steal again. I've found an easier way to get along.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' said the editor. 'We need a man here to take care of the place, and I'd as soon have you as anybody. But if you insist on leaving us, I hope you will keep your word and live honestly.'

'Yes, sir. Good-bye, sir. Thank you, again.'

And Kroutil departed.

Toward the last of September the editor was reading the copy a reporter had just brought in. There was a little story with the heading 'From the Courthouse.' He read mechanically; then suddenly he was all attention. He read the story again, then turned around to the other editor at a neighboring desk to say: —

'Remember that fellow Kroutil who cleaned up our room in jail? Here is a report that he has just got eight months more. But this time it's not for stealing, but for lese majesty. It seems that he told a policeman that he ought to be ashamed of himself for being in the service of that blankety-blank old scoundrel, the Emperor of Austria.'

'Well, our going to jail did a little good anyway, eh?' remarked the other. 'Instead of breaking into jail by stealing, the fellow now follows our example and calls His Majesty a scoundrel. My hat is off to him!'

## DISSEVERANCE

BY CHARLOTTE ARTHUR

*[Irish Statesman]*

BETWEEN the dawns lie misty unborn fancies;  
Between the seas lie untried virgin places;  
Between the moons a nude white passion teems.  
A man goes thither, oh, a man goes thither,  
But close beside the sterile grave of dreams  
A woman makes her prayer and goes nowhither.



## THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE<sup>1</sup>

BY H. E. MOORE

No large nation has so many foreigners as America. On an outward voyage on the Aquitania not long ago I found thirty-three nationalities represented. The linguist finds there a model Babel. His language equipment is exercised and entertained on every hand, the net result being incredibly stimulating. Curiosity as to the nature of the visible process of language-transfusion is soon excited to the pitch of research. After gleaning diligently from living examples and reaching some helpful generalities, I sought the aid of professors, students, professional and business men, to supplement my own findings. Mencken's work on the American language and his thirty pages of bibliography are particularly valuable.

Into the crucible of English many elements have entered in the course of the exodus from everywhere to America. These contributions are building up the language of a nation that is destined to react more and more powerfully upon the English of Britain.

The general effect of English on the foreign tongues of America is to penetrate, disintegrate, and absorb them. Whole foreign centres extensive in area have reached the penultimate stages of this process, which operates on vocabulary, on inflections, and on build of sentence. Pennsylvania German has lost the genitive ending and expresses possession thus: *Der mann sei buch*. In this dialect they say:

<sup>1</sup> From the *English Review* (London Tory monthly), February

*Der stallion hat das whiet gedämütscht*. I heard in Chicago: *Er hat geschumpft auf den Karren* ('jumped on the car').

Norwegians are the most willing to part with their mother tongue: *Hos'n fila du? Puddi gud*, ('How do you feel? Pretty good.');

Mrs. Olsen *va aafel bisi* ('was awfully busy'). Yankee-Dutch has two distinct dialects, with little, if any, intercommunication; *Piezel-mietje* ('pleased to meet you'), *You want 'n ander kop koffee*, end obviously by the abandonment of good and bad Dutch for American.

In Greek the processes of decay, which have gone on in Greece for centuries, are precipitated. Greeks suffer some particular confusions, their *nai* meaning 'yes,' P.M. 'before noon,' the letter *N* 'south,' *papoose* 'grandfather,' and *mammie* 'grandmother.' The Italian intellectual takes the *sotteraneo* to go *nell bassa città*, but the great majority use *il subway* to take them *tantane* ('down town'), and continue so: *tenne dollari* ('ten dollars'), *nun gudde* ('no good'), *pinozze* ('peanuts'). Yiddish is, of course, a sponge: *Die boys mit die meidlach haben a good time; er hat nit gewolt shutup'n* ('he would n't shut up').

Spanish shows the general grammatical decay (only two conjugations are found in New Mexico), the preservation of archaic words and great hospitality to loan words: *olraite* ('all right'), *enejau* ('anyhow'). French has official status and is still the daily speech of perhaps one and a half millions, but it is being greatly influenced by English.

I saw in Montreal: *trois dollars en montant* (hotel notice: 'three dollars up'), and *traverse de chemin de fer* ('level crossing'). Other examples are: *Comme tu es swell*; *patron* is usually 'boss'; *bonne à tout faire* is *servante générale*, and *va-t'en* is *gologne* ('go long').

New Orleans is now thoroughly American and Creole literature is practically extinct. Chinamen learn the pidgin and South Sea natives the Beach-la-Mar *lingua franca* in a few months. As examples of their drastic methods, the verb is identical in all tenses, 'makee' standing for both make and made, and the pronoun does not vary for case, 'my' answering to our I, me (and also to mine and my).

While the English language and American conditions have this effect on the speech of the proletarian alien immigrant, adrift from the anchorage of literature, the accompanying weathering of English is also evident. Obviously the foreigner tends in his English to simplify everything as much as possible, to ignore sophistications, to corrupt grammatical forms, and to import vocabulary. 'Why worry? A few professors are hired, at very small pay, to do that.'

America is proverbially susceptible to innovations and to the appreciation of anything apt, notably in the direction of jocularization or brevity. The rate of absorption of loan-words is typical. *Matinée*, *dépôt*, and *fête* are still pronounced and written here with some attempt at the French manner; in America they are entirely naturalized in every way. *Gabfest* (a loquacious gathering) is a specimen of German influence; the war-time 'liberty cabbage' failed to oust *sauerkraut*; the popular American affirmative is an obvious echo of 'ja,' *dumb* (stupid) of 'dumm,' *fresh* (cheeky) of 'frech,' *Cuspidor* (spittoon) is a would-be eu-

phemism from the Portuguese, and *hootch* (alcohol) from the Chinook Indians. Chinese and Japanese ('chop-suey' to 'flop-flop') permeate from the West.

Self-contained as America is and at such a prohibitive distance from Europe, the utilitarian need for modern languages is much less than with us. An undergraduate will start his university course with two years' high-school modern-language work behind him, if any, and that mainly paper knowledge.

With the sudden increase of immigration during the last few generations the emergence of American from English has been rapid. There have been attempts to give a new name to American English—for example, United-Statesish, Stateish, and Statesish. 'Let us cease to be the butlers of another people's language and try to be the masters of our own,' says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*. Vincent O'Sullivan, schooled in England, declares that 'the English literary tradition is dying fast and the language is drawing farther and farther away from English as used in England.' A letter to the *Weekly Westminster* the other day complained of our literary isolation and insularity.

A prominent American told applauding high-school teachers that education should produce 'a small patriciate, a caste, an aristocracy.' Then a school governor, Bob Fraser, talked typically to the teachers: 'Come down to earth, beloved. Neither I nor my neighbors, fathers of ordinary children, are paying you your wages to train some pimply little bookworm to the idea that he belongs to the aristocracy of brains. The country will have all the scholarship it needs. The bright boys will eat it up and you can't stop them. But the fellow that can't get chummy with Julius Cicero—he's my boy, and the town is full of such. What kind of

citizen will he be if he does n't come to school?' This spirit contains the motive of much of the change commented on in this article.

As this divergence of English and American has proceeded through strata of English derision and American defiance it has tended to become deliberate and constructive. England and academic America generally have asserted the old criteria. But they have been swept aside by America's egalitarian millions, and established changes have now made any such acceptance of literary Southern English impossible. Indeed, it is claimed that the tide has turned the other way. J. R. Green called Americans 'the main branch of the English people.' The American form of English is spoken by twenty times as many people as standard Southern English, it shows greater powers of accommodation, and its exportations to English proper exceed its imports. The common trade-speech of the Pacific and of Canada is predominantly American. One American free-lance scholar predicts standard English for pedants and American for the world.

What are some of the respects in which change is claimed? Our diction seems to America 'elaborately artificial, something for the literary artists of both countries to try their skill upon by flouting it.' A young high-school teacher told me of a dispute with his superintendent — he was accused of giving too great attention to American in comparison with classical English writers. The supervisor's comments left him cold, and I agreed with the teacher's zeal for the living speech of his native country.

'Are Americans to write the language they speak,' asks Richard Aldington, 'or are they to write a devitalized idiom learned painfully from books?' I thought of the literary antiquarianism

that passes for literature among us, of the four dead languages I was forced to learn to be certified efficient in two live ones, of the incendiarism of my fellow convicts in the philology gang, of Edward Carpenter's poem on the British Museum library, and of Max O'Rell's impression that the Englishman is always doing sentry-go before his dignity.

To the fact that the academic world tries to teach, not the mother tongue, but a dialect that stands outside their common experience, one American scholar — nonacademic, of course — attributes the 'notorious failure of our schools and colleges to turn out pupils who can put their ideas into words with simplicity and intelligibility.'

After all, usage and not literary caste is what makes language. Anyone who has seen New York at play on Coney Island must have understood that in a country where the average level of material prosperity is the highest in history, and where there is, thanks be, no class corresponding to our European populace, a new status has arisen for the speech of this nation of levelers. The same thought arose in my mind when I found that the waiter who served me in the cafeteria was listening to my lectures at the university. If, as Arnold thought, we suffer from want of equality, Chesterton is also right when he says that 'democracy is a very serious thing for democrats.'

'Language,' says Sayce, 'is the living expression of the mind and spirit of a people, ever changing, whose sole standard is usage.' 'When language is too far removed from that of the people it becomes hieratic, burdened with clichés and dead phrases,' continues Aldington. Howells claims for American 'that easy looseness of phrase and gait which characterized the Elizabethan era, and particularly the Elizabethan hospitality to changed mean-

ings and bold metaphors.' To Brander Matthews the function of slang is to provide substitutes for the good words and true that are worn out by hard service. 'English with the break on,' 'otiose ponderosity,' are missiles flung in our direction that reveal the American reaction to our arrested development, our literary hypnotism. Even our humor, Leacock tells us, is thought highbrow, academically allusive, and heavy.

That this matter of diction calls for serious attention must be clear to practical teachers. Laboring at my side a collegeaue is actually compiling a dictionary of English for foreigners in which he guarantees to these poor distracted folk that every word he gives is really in living use. This same defect of speech has struck me forcibly at family literary devotions, when the children were put to sleep by the anesthetic of the mere diction of certain pages in Dickens, Daudet, Beecher Stowe, Dumas, Kingsley, Souvestre, or Tom Hughes, while they followed with delight these same writers when undisturbed by literary preciosity.

The contrary tendency of American Libertarianism is toward a directness that discounts urbanity and restraint, and toward an excessive indulgence of mere novelty that fails to discriminate between extravagant raciness and real clarity. Its virtue lies in the sincerity of writing and speaking alike, 'a potent and penetrating instrument, rich in new vibrations, full of joy as well as shocks to the visitor' (Frank Dillnot), approaching Montaigne's dream of 'a luculent and nervous speech, short and compact, not so much delicately combed out as vehement and brusque, rather arbitrary than monotonous, not pedantic but soldierly, as Tacitus called Cæsar's Latin.' This is by no means a plea for Philistinism.

Academic grammar is traditionally

famous for its 'flyblown pedantry' and for the slight esteem in which it is held by the grammar-making man-in-the-street. The experimental and impatient masses of America turn from the doctrine of the schools to the very different speech-habits prevalent outside. It will be most interesting to see what simplifications and analogies will establish themselves. Tense, number, case, are challenged, the double negative is general, the comparative is heretodox, the adverb bobtails into the adjective-form, and inflexion generally tends to disappear.

In pronunciation the difference seems less serious. I think we can agree to promote in this respect Anglo-American mutual gayety, and let Henry James blame the Dutchman and the Dago. The twang is probably climate. I only once found any difficulty of understanding from phonetic considerations, and that was over a telephone.

In the matter of rationalizing spelling, much good thought and experiment has been afoot in America, from the laborious and truculent Webster onward, largely in the direction of the decent burial of dead letters. 'Those spell best who do not know how to spell,' said Franklin. We ought to be ashamed that other countries are so far ahead, while our orthography remains inflexible. Surely the inherent weaknesses of our present alphabet are enough without our aggravating them. The gibe of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in 1914 that the stupidity of the British populace was due to the time wasted on the stupidity of British spelling was not without point.

With the 812 words (*New York Sun*) in which current American spelling differs from ours I find myself in almost entire agreement. Spelling is still fluid in America, and in addition to these reforms others are in various stages of establishment. In spite of

central, official opposition, the newspapers and schools of Canada are mainly on the American side. It is claimed that the root of our opposition lies in an æsthetic hatred (Lowell's phrase), burning with as fierce a flame as did ever theological hatred. Is this ancient dust never to be laid? International morality lags woefully behind individual morality. Surely a friendly concern for the common tongue is not beyond the resources of our mutual decency.

Those who think preposterous these claims for a reconsideration of the significance we are to attach to the tendencies of American English would do well to ponder the conclusion of H. G. Wells's work, *The Future in America*: 'It seems to me that in America, by sheer virtue of its size, its free traditions, and the habit of initiative of its people, the leadership of progress must ultimately rest.'

At present America's preoccupation with the practical demands of pioneering holds back these language considerations from the fuller force they will

shortly assume. It is still possible for those who direct American schools to demand of every subject of the curriculum 'an immediate return in material realities,' and an increasing importance for the position of the practical arts. We are all so far from a satisfying school-programme that Mencken may well say of America, 'A cultural timorousness yet shows itself.' Our own national jester, Shaw, claims that 'the marks of an educated man are intellectual and moral imbecility.' War-ridden Europe has yet to produce her United States, to redeem her greatest blessing, education, from the curse of caste, and to grant her children their birthright of education to the measure of their capacity; she has yet to shake off from that education the blight of instruction, the obsession of books, that the Renaissance has left, the destruction of initiative, the prevailing low esteem of individuality and the consequent stereotype. With the approaching resolution of all these forces on both sides of the Atlantic a rejuvenated English is bound to emerge.

## A WOMAN WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE<sup>1</sup>

BY VICTOR VINDE

[SIGRID UNDET is one of the Nobel Prize winners for 1925. Her literary work divides itself into two distinct cycles — the *Contemporary Novels and Tales* (beginning with *Marthe Oulie* in 1907 and ending with *Clouds of Spring* in 1921), and the three volumes of

*Kristin Lavransdatter*, which appeared between 1920 and 1922.]

THE work of Sigrid Undset is the history of the evolution of a human soul from the feeble and hesitating Marthe Oulie to the strong and healthy Kristin Lavransdatter. Through ever-changing nuances, one discovers the same woman.

<sup>1</sup> From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), October 10



tenderly emotional, sometimes romantic, but violently frank, looking at life with a realistic and brutal eye, lapsing continually into a warm and vibrant feminine idealism. This woman is made up entirely of contradictions. Only in the figure of Kristin Lavransdatter do we make the acquaintance of the being purified by suffering, who has struggled with life, to arrive finally at faith, gaining thereby moral strength and an unlimited tolerance for the sins of others. In her a woman appears to us in all her moral and physical beauty, a woman superhumanly strong, not dependent upon others, but only upon the unshakable faith which she preserves and which makes her almost unconquerable in the struggle for life, with all its ugliness, offensiveness, and evil. Kristin Lavransdatter is the synthesis of a perfect spiritual beauty, of an absolute harmony between her vibrant faith and her strong and healthy body.

Undset is the first writer to consecrate her whole life to the study of woman. No doubt there have been, and still are, highly talented writers who have devoted to woman pages of an affecting beauty, of a real spiritual greatness, of a fine psychological insight; but for these writers women have been only an object of study. Nothing of the kind in Undset. She does not study an object with the curiosity of the bystander or of the amateur. She subjects herself to a kind of vivisection for the sake of responding to a secret agony which torments her, of discovering the cause of that invisible pain. Others have dissected the various reactions of the emotional life of woman, her intelligence, and sometimes even her soul. I say sometimes, for woman has often been refused the right of having a soul.

The unfortunate German philosopher Otto Weininger, in his book called *Sex*

and Character, which is inspired by an intense and unhealthy hatred, affirms that woman has no spiritual life, and says: 'Woman is, and remains, for us men, a *terra incognita*, because we cannot penetrate into her nature except in an imperfect fashion, and because she herself is not capable of a logical study of her ego. She cannot reveal her secrets to us because she does not know them herself.' Weininger does not believe that a woman could have written the *Confessions* of Rousseau or *The Chambermaid's Son* of Strindberg, 'for,' he continues, 'at the very moment when she became capable of it, she would cease to be a woman and become a man.'

Even before the death of Weininger the misogynist, however, there was a young woman in Norway who was writing the first pages of a work that was to be the confessions of woman — not of a single woman, but of the whole feminine sex; and those confessions were to have a far truer tone than either Rousseau's or Strindberg's, and were to be as free from the vain exaggeration of the one as from the other's gnashing of teeth. In this very fact lies the explanation of the great importance of Undset's work. She is for us the interpreter of woman — of woman whose constantly changing aspects in reality and literature we strive in vain to comprehend, whose emotional life seems to us at times so complex, at times so empty. That whole marvelous mechanism of creation that bears the name of woman becomes in Undset's work a simple, real, comprehensible, palpable thing.

In the presence of the author's strong personality, man shrinks, in her work, within narrow limits, and seems to us a feeble and awkward being. He is neither a Don Juan nor a Siegfried the Dragon-slayer; no, he is a terribly tame fellow with no strong will of his own,

with no strength. Christian, in *The Happy Age*, has a quite feminine tenderness, and sometimes he weeps. These gestures have a quality of the infantile, of the maladroit. In vain one looks in him for the Man, the Master. He is a kind of René, given to romantic effusions in the midst of the constantly increasing cares of everyday life. He has an extreme kindliness, which makes him support with an angelic smile the nervousness and ill-humor of his wife. His justifiable jealousy is stifled by a kind of integrity of character, but he never succeeds in understanding the thousand little caprices of his mate. Torkild, in *The Spring*, is strangely like Christian. Both of them doubt the love of their wives. Torkild is the man who has put his whole hope in a single woman, persuaded that she alone can make his life happy, but who in reality finds his dream an illusion and, deciding that this wife's love is only lukewarm, thinks he discovers a proof of her indifference in every one of her gestures. A beggar is what this man is, a poor being who stretches out his hand anxiously for alms, and has neither the courage nor the strength to take what he wants.

Frederik, in *Madame Waage*, is only a crude caricature of the Christian-Torkild type, still weaker and clumsier than they. Tall, strong, robust, he takes the blows of fate without rebellion, lowers his head, and is silent.

The man whom Undset has spent most time in studying is Erland in *Kristin Lavransdatter*. In him we find not only the same qualities of weakness as in Christian, but something besides, naïvely irresponsible, the unselfconsciousness of a child. Perhaps the author intended to accentuate thereby the gigantic strength of soul of Kristin. She feels in respect to Erland not only the love of a woman for a man but also a great maternal love. He is for her the

beloved man, but also and above all the being who needs her strong hand in order not to go under in the daily struggle. Thus Kristin Lavransdatter, beside that heedless, pusillanimous, and feeble man, appears to us with a victorious smile on her lips, a woman unconquerable in her faith, immensely strong in solitude and abandonment, capable of surmounting all difficulties alone.

Madame Undset has in the strict sense no style. As a Norwegian critic has expressed it, she is contemptuous of style. She has, however, a manner quite her own in writing. She prefers to proceed by means of psychological monologues, — brusquely interrupted from time to time by descriptions, — accumulating certain details of secondary importance and deliberately omitting important details for the reader to reconstruct himself.

The work of Sigrid Undset cannot easily be analyzed in a few lines. Here I have wanted only to emphasize the curious fact that in her work man gives the impression of a cowardly and irresponsible being; but it must not be forgotten that man is only a secondary personage in it. What Undset especially undertakes to clarify is the emotional life of woman, the awakening of emotion in the young girl, in the woman in love, in the wife, in the mother. Her marvelously developed maternal instinct has allowed her to reveal to us the psychology of children, and few writers have achieved such a note of truth in the study of childhood as Undset in *The Six Handkerchiefs*, *Little Girls*, and *A Child*.

The masterpiece of Sigrid Undset is her great work on the Middle Ages, *Kristin Lavransdatter*. It is not an historical work, for the period in which the author sets it — the beginning of the fourteenth century — is in the history of Norway wholly devoid of

events. Having studied for fifteen years the manners and the common life of men and women in modern society, — studies collected in her contemporary novels and short stories, — Undset considered herself sufficiently well documented to undertake the portrayal of manners in the Middle Ages, a method which has left her more liberty from every point of view, since her narrative is not encumbered with historical details, and which, at the same time, has

allowed her to make religion play a more important rôle. Sigrid Undset, who has just been converted to Catholicism, has created in this book a magnificent idealistic work that will mark a date in the literature of the twentieth century.

I know nothing finer, more moving, more perfect, in the European literature of the moment than that curious figure of a woman, Kristin Lavransdatter.

## NOVEMBER AFTERNOON

BY HENESA TAYLOR

[*Poetry and the Play*]

THE purple downland's splendid amethyst  
Crowns regally this brief November day  
Whose jeweled sceptre is the thorny spray  
Where fond bird-lovers once kept April tryst:  
Ocean is veiled with pearl-embroidered mist  
Agleam with opals set amid the gray,  
As cold waves cut a slow, encroaching way  
That silver-armored cliffs may not resist:

In cloistered woods a shrine of amber glows,  
With rubies redder than a summer rose,  
Where prisoned sunshine smoulders in the leaf.

By mute cloud-maidens garbed in aery snows,  
Ere yet the sapphire gates of Heaven close,  
Daylight is garnered as a golden sheaf.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### THE DEBTS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

'THE ledger school of criticism' was the late Sir Walter Raleigh's phrase for those strange bookkeeping pundits who devote long and potentially useful lives to the singularly useless task of tracking down and recording the indebtedness of literary men to their predecessors. The theory of this school is that by no possible chance could a poet, for example, be visited by a happy thought entirely from within his own experience, or hit upon a telling or exquisite phrase with the aid of his own genius; that all such thoughts and all such lines, if hunted down with sufficiently relentless ardor, can be found to have their origin in the pages of some anterior and usually inferior songster.

Whether the high priests of this school have ever raised the ancient question of the hen and the egg, we cannot say. In our unscholarly way we should suppose that some laureate would have had to be the first to use a particular figure of speech, no matter how many later ones went on for generations laying him and one another under contribution. We only know that nothing gives more unholy pleasure to one of these double-entry men than to discover that, in such a famous line as

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,  
that love hath an end,

poor Swinburne has obviously been cribbing from his schoolbooks. For did not Shakespeare make Macbeth say, —

*I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf?*

Did not Julia Ward Howe write: —

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord?*

Did not Omar write: —

*One thing at least is certain, this life flies?*

Does not the hymn tell of a place

Where they *that love* are blest?

Did not Tennyson write: —

And sweet is death who puts *an end* to pain? ▼

The weakness in our demonstration is that Swinburne had to make 'having seen' out of 'have seen,' and 'hath an end' out of 'puts an end'; but even the source-hounds are willing to allow creative artists a certain license in such matters.

But what we started to say was that this particular neurosis is not confined, as we had supposed, to German, English, and American academies, or indeed to academies themselves. An assiduous young Frenchman named Gabriel des Hons has recently published a book entitled, *Anatole France and Racine*, in which, working on the knowledge that Racine was one of the late critic's special favorites in French literature, M. des Hons has collected the fruits of a search through Anatole France's writings for Racinian 'echoes' or 'reminiscences.' According to Gerard Bauer, writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, the excellent des Hons came up from the depths with the extraordinary haul of 330 passages in which the master was clearly thinking of lines in Racine — seventy of which, properly enough,

hark back to France's favorite play, *Phèdre*. M. Bauer gives no samples of these discoveries, and we can only guess at their average plausibility. We wonder whether the author proposes to himself a series of books on 'Anatole France and Vergil,' 'Anatole France and Montaigne,' 'Anatole France and Voltaire,' and so on. Such a series could easily establish the nonexistence of an independent writer named Anatole France.

As the great ironist himself once said in another connection, it is a melancholy reflection on the essential dullness of life that such books should ever be written.



#### TRI-NATIONAL ART

THANKS to the generosity of an American woman, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Londoners have been given an opportunity this fall to compare the modern artistic achievements of France, England, and the United States by attending the Tri-National Exhibition at the new Chenil Galleries in Chelsea. This exhibition had already been given in Paris, and is later to be given in New York. It is made up of the work of characteristic contemporary painters and sculptors of the three countries, such as Derain, Braque, Picasso, de Laurencin, A. John, Orpen, Epstein, Arthur Davies, Jo Davidson, and Cecil Howard. What has struck several London art critics in the exhibition is the similarity in spirit and technique of the work done by artists of all three nations. P. G. Konody, for example, writing in the *Observer*, has this to say:—

One of the remarkable results of this movement — and this is the chief lesson to be learned from this tri-national exhibition — is the disappearance of nationalism in art. At no other period in the history of the

world has there been such complete obliteration of national frontiers. If our National Gallery or any other great art-gallery were rehung without separation of the different schools, no one with the most elementary knowledge of the history of art would have any difficulty in recognizing the origin of any picture, whether it be Italian or Flemish, Dutch or French, Spanish or English. At Chenil's one can identify the pictures by the leading men as works of individual artists, but there is no perceptible difference between French, English, or American endeavor. Whether this be regrettable or not, it is entirely in accordance with the spirit of the age, with the increased facilities and speed of international intercourse, with the disappearance of national costume and customs.

Most of the critics speak indulgently, but without great enthusiasm, of the American 'wing' of the exhibit. As discriminating a friend as any is R. R. Tatlock of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

However, what there is of American art in the Chenil Galleries represents accurately enough the general attitude to the art of the world as it is understood on the other side of the Atlantic. There are only two academical pictures contributed by artists of United States nationality, and they are both quite indifferent works (both pictures are easily identified on the right wall of the large room). The rest are all what we call 'modernist.' They tend to abstraction, and avoid anything in the nature of illustration or of anecdote. There is not in the exhibition any first-class work by an American that is not derived pretty obviously from some French artist. Not that that is so serious a fault as is sometimes supposed, for all good art is and always has been to a large extent derivative, but it does illustrate once more how slowly a truly free and self-supporting school of painting comes into existence. For my own part, I welcome the fact that young artists in America are starting to build up their school by a profound and very discriminating study of the modern work of France, which has behind it the splendid advantage of many centuries of inspiration.



A writer in the conservative *Morning Post* is moved to somewhat searing mirth by the experimental nature of some of the items, and to stout patriotic pride by the work of the home artists:—

There is no doubt of the impartiality of the selection — blindfolded. Justice herself could not be more impartial than has been Mrs. Harriman, who is credited with the inception and control of this Chelsea 'International,' which includes many divergent misconceptions, which range from Pablo Picasso's '*La Gueridon*' to Francis Picabia's 'Portrait,' made of real matches, string, hairpins, leather, and coins.

But in the midst of these aberrations serious works are to be found, most of them by British artists whose nationality remains unmoved by international perversion.

'J. B.,' in the *Manchester Guardian*, is more inclusive in his approbation: —

Never was art so various. There are pictures that look like Rubenses that have been badly treated and sunk in tone, pictures that must have just been begun when a dun or a friend desiring instant companionship for cocktails arrived, pictures of nudes with something of the honest physical abandonment of show-cloths in the fair ground, pictures that are too dark to see more than ghosts, and pictures that are light enough for transparencies. Everyone ought to see the show. The main point about it is that nearly every artist in it is concerned about art and, without Marquis of Queensberry rules or any other sort of rules, is trying to express what to him is æsthetically moving and fine. And everything here is of adult level, by people who could do the conventional thing, so to speak, 'on their head.' Criticism must begin with the basis that these artists are graduates of art, and that in these works, in deadly earnest or in deadly playfulness, or, at any rate, because this is what they want to do, and because now they have the franchise of art expression and can do what they want, they are delivering their æsthetic experience.

#### THE CHAUVE-SOURIS IN LONDON

AFTER three years, M. Niktia Balieff is back in London at the Strand Theatre with his *Chauve-Souris*, and has been warmly welcomed by many English critics. 'For sheer artistic beauty, in stage design, grouping, and lighting,' says — for example — a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*, 'the *Chauve-Souris* tableaux and scenes are incomparable.' Mr. Ivor Brown, however, in the *Saturday Review*, — after conceding that the Russians are all, or almost all, that they are represented to be, — is moved to the following protest in a 'Buy at your Neighborhood Grocer' vein: —

National vaudeville, of the kind that '*La Chauve-Souris*' presents, wins and deserves much praise. The best kind of praise that an Englishman can render is to demand that our own resources should be put to similar cultivation. But people who try to do this kind of thing in England get very little thanks or attention for their pains. The Traveling Theatre of the Art's League of Service has been achieving it in a humble way; with their dances, their folk-songs, and their little plays the company have produced an entertainment that is lively and gracious from beginning to end. But they are barnstormers in the real sense of the word. They have not the capital — and perhaps they have not the desire — to take expensive theatres with proper equipment for decorative purposes. In their wardrobe the pence are as pounds in the West End. Yet their enthusiasm, working on the great treasury of our native folk-music and democratic fun, can furnish forth a homemade article that should have nothing to fear from foreign competition. If only these good people would call themselves the Green Snail Theatre from Nijni Novgorod, what rapturous applause they would win! Clap an 'off' and 'ova' on to Saxon names, and Bohemia would proclaim them, Belgravia would discover them, and Cosmopolitan Jewry would finance a world tour.

The somewhat hypercritical 'Omicron,' on *The Nation* and the *Athenæum*, is even more sardonic in his judgment of the Muscovites: —

The 'Chauve-Souris' troupe and the bland, irrepressible M. Balieff have returned to London for a six weeks' season at the Strand Theatre. Since their first arrival about four years ago they have become more and more a popular institution, and their show has suffered a great deal in consequence. The majority of their turns are now dull, silly, or rather vulgar, and even those not intended to be sentimental are tinged with American sentimentality. Sure of a good reception, they continue to produce a great many pretty, pseudo-artistic 'tableaux,' and, sure of his popularity, M. Balieff exploits intolerably his facetious personality and his tiresome, often inaudible, broken English. He dominates the performance to such an extent that a special verse about him is now introduced into the old song, *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*. There still remain, however, one or two excellent numbers, the marionette grand-opera, 'The Barber of Seville,' 'Love and Hierarchy,' and one or two of the singing-items. The Wooden Soldiers are charming, but somehow one is a little tired of them.



#### POLITICS AND THE HIGHER LEARNING

It is a pleasant custom the University of Glasgow has of allowing the students themselves to elect their Lord Rector once a year, — formal as his duties of course are, — and to cast their ballots for candidates nominated on the basis of political divisions. The election this fall, for example, involved the three personalities of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the candidate for the Tories, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for the Liberals, and Mr. Sidney Webb, for the Laborites. Imagine the students of Yale University being asked to choose for their president Mr. Herbert Hoover as a Republican, Mr. Irvin Cobb as a Democrat, or Mr. W. Z. Foster as a Communist. As an experiment in what

is called student government there might be much to be said for such an election.

Mr. Chamberlain was elected Lord Rector by an overwhelming majority, — receiving 1242 votes to Mr. Chesterton's 968 and Mr. Webb's 285, — but in the teeth of advice from Mr. Bernard Shaw in favor of the Labor candidate. Before the election an article by Mr. Shaw appeared in the *Student Leader*, a paper issued by the Labor Club, in which, after a satiric gesture toward Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Shaw has this to say of the other two candidates — and of himself: —

Whenever I have been asked why, being so inveterately Catholic, I do not join the Church of Rome, I reply that the experiment of having two popes was exhaustively tried in the fourteenth century, and was, in spite of the vaunted advantages of competition, on the whole a ghastly failure, like capitalism. Mr. Chesterton took that risk without hesitation, perhaps because he was too modest to be conscious of his own inveterate pontificality, and through *G.K.C.'s Weekly* he hurls fifty-two encyclicals a year from his Avignon in Buckinghamshire. To make him Rector of Glasgow University would at the lowest be a magnificent lark.

Sidney Webb, the *tertium quid*, is more unlike Chesterton than seems possible. If Webb, being in Glasgow, has business in Kelvingrove, he will walk thither prosaically, or take a tram, and nobody will stare after him, or be moved, as the spectators used to be moved when Count d'Orsay passed, to stop him and say, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?' What is more, he will arrive there. Chesterton, on the like errand, would have an ecstatic crowd following him in two minutes, and would eventually reach Delmarnock Bridge at the other end of Glasgow and forget all about Kelvingrove. Anyhow, he would not notice the difference. Chesterton would address two corner-boys, a woman, and a baby as if they were a grand demonstration in the St. Andrew's Hall. Webb would address the biggest demonstration as if he were telling the boots what to do with the luggage.

## AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

ARCHEOLOGY again. It seems that the editor is still unmoved by our recent broadside against that profession which appeared in the November 7 *Living Age* and caused such a furore in academic circles. We shall not repeat our attack, but refer you to the above-mentioned issue.

\* \* \*

No doubt it is because we are an amateur, but Roy Chapman Andrews seems to be a more useful as well as a more romantic figure than the late Mr. Boni — or is this just another burst of chauvinism on our part? The Expeditions which have just returned from Central Asia certainly faced real dangers, and one feels that the scientific side was distinctly subordinate to the adventurous. What a picture they all must have made. The jovial Professor Granger announcing, 'I think I'll go out and get you another Cretaceous skull,' while the whole camp roared with laughter at his little jest. Then there was the *Baluchitherium* — the largest mammal that ever lived. With that amazing logic which only scientists are permitted to use, the Expedition lost no time in announcing what the animal's wheel-base was, and how, why, and when he had been embedded. Dr. Granger wistfully observed that if the Expedition had only been a few thousand years earlier in arriving they would have found the fossil in a perfect state of preservation. Something has got to be done to speed up Asiatic transportation. It's terrible.

\* \* \*

As for the words that these scientists use, it is our opinion that even the smart young fellow who writes our

lesson plans thinks Pleistocene is a kind of modeling-clay, and we'll also wager if you came up behind him and shouted 'Gobi!' in his ear he would drop dead.

\* \* \*

One of the most ill-founded of all popular superstitions is the belief that Americans always rush to extremes whereas Europeans stick closely to the middle of the road. Bronislaw Huberman has been on a fiddling-trip through the United States from which he returned with as wildly one-sided a view of us as Bernard Shaw, for all his first-hand knowledge of the country, has ever expounded. When a European likes us there is no holding him, and the only thing that we temperate people can do is to point out some of his errors for fear our native patriots will fly off the handle completely.

\* \* \*

Mr. Huberman makes just one point which we second vigorously and in which we shall be howled down by every Southern gentleman, especially those living north of the Mason-Dixon line. That point is the artistic superiority of the Negro. If there are any people in the United States who show better understanding of the pleasures of life than the Negroes, we have never heard of them. Negroes are always singing, whistling, smiling, and working as little as possible. Like Walt Whitman's animals, 'There is not one of them that is respectable,' yet there is none that lacks true dignity. Indeed the superiority of the Negro in most things that make life livable more than explains the Southerner's rage at our ignorant unimaginative Boston abolitionists who think the black man is only 'just as

good' as the white. Mr. Huberman, on the lookout for something to approve of, could not well miss the Negro, especially with their common bond of music.

\* \* \*

Where we quarrel with Mr. Huberman is over his estimation of us poor whites. Must this advanced, sophisticated department do a Sinclair Lewis and point out that material comfort is not, after all, the summum bonum and that standardized thought is even more detestable than standardized safety-razors? Did Hannibal cross the Alps, Cæsar the Rubicon, Columbus the Atlantic, and Washington the Delaware so that we could buy balloon tires and Mr. Lewis could chide us for our lack of imagination? 'They might have, at that,' muses Mr. Huberman. 'No, a thousand times no!' protests the indignant Mr. Lewis.

\* \* \*

At least one good point about the Bolsheviks that Bela Kelemen brings out is that they do not believe in doing things by halves. When they decided that the King of Bulgaria needed to be mussed up a little, they did not put a thumb-tack on his throne or refuse to visa his passport. They decided to kill him outright and then blow up his entire Cabinet at the funeral. There is a thoroughness and sincerity about this scheme that we decidedly like.

\* \* \*

For our part, we always enjoy articles like this Bulgarian one. The average person cherishes an absurd faith in the melodrama of government, and the

Bolshevist leaders, being ordinary people not so very different from ourselves, are able to give their imagination free play and conduct their affairs as much like an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel as possible. In fact, they are so stage-conscious that they know they are called upon to play the villain of the piece, and take special pains to place their bombs just a few feet too far to the left for fear of hurting the handsome hero. And, again like Oppenheim, they promise that their story will be continued with even more lurid horrors.

\* \* \*

Stories like 'An Honest Thief' almost make us agree with Mr. Huberman. As social documents they are of course invaluable, and it is for that reason they are printed in the *Living Age*. But as far as literary merit is concerned, 'An Honest Thief' is far inferior to the *Saturday Evening Post's* corresponding 'Square Deal Salesman' type of story. Now don't you go discontinuing your *Living Age* and throwing your weight in with our most formidable rival, for Mr. Curtis has been offering us some stiff competition lately. The only thing is, that this department cannot help preferring a business romance to the adventures of Jan Kroutil who has served sixteen jail-sentences and is just being hailed into court for breaking into the palatial residence of Hinko Jampehlik as the story opens. The *Post's* heroes are much more crooked, and they never get caught.

YANKEE DOOLEY

## BOOKS ABROAD

**The Confessions of a Capitalist**, by Sir E. J. P. Benn, Bart. London: Hutchinson and Company 18s. net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

SIR ERNEST BENN is an individualist of a type that is now nearly extinct. He is a profound believer in the economics of competition, and has written this book to convince us of the old view that from the unregulated rivalries of private enterprise the greatest possible good of the greatest number must necessarily result, and to warn us against the inevitable futility of collective interference with the natural course of commerce.

The book is partly occupied with a somewhat abstract exposition of 'sound' economics, which are apparently to be derived from Pareto's Law of Inequality; but, fortunately for the reader, it is mainly concrete and autobiographical. Sir Ernest tells us with an engaging frankness how from humble beginnings he came by his ten thousand pounds a year, — of which he is not at all ashamed, — and contends that in earning and spending it he performs a public service, creating employment for his workpeople and wealth for the nation. Holding wealth to be not labor or money but exchange, he insists that in a satisfactory exchange neither party is a loser, and that therefore the wealthiest State is one in which the greatest possible number of exchanges takes place. He therefore recommends as a panacea for our industrial troubles an assiduous encouragement of millionaires, or — should that prove too Utopian — a campaign to persuade every worker to become a capitalist.

Sir Ernest evidently enjoys business enormously; and in his ideal State all the citizens would be practising it and enjoying it as much as he — though what would happen to those who were less competent, or who took their pleasure in other ways, we are not told. . . .

But it is not to be concluded from all this that Sir Ernest is a reactionary, either in business or in politics. He never tires of insisting on the economic value of high wages and short hours — for, according to his theory, the employer does not necessarily lose what his employees gain. And he will have nothing to do with Protection or militarism or trusts or employers' associations — which he seems, indeed, to dislike as much as trade-unions.

Were all men as efficient and humane as Sir Ernest Benn his book might be more convincing. But it is at least a thoroughly readable picture of actual business-life, which, we agree with him, is a thing that economists of all schools are too apt to neglect.

**Keats and Shakespeare**, by J. Middleton Murry. Oxford University Press. 14s.

[Bonamy Dobrée in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

HAPPILY, much of this book is apart from Mr. Murry's own *Weltanschauung*, though he would vehemently reject the proposition. It is not a biography, it is not a criticism; it attempts, successfully, to relate the incidents of the poet's life to his work, not as a 'lascivious peering between the lines,' but as a means to understanding. And at every step Mr. Murry makes his appeal to fact: event, letter, poem; poem, letter, event. Thus he traces Keats's progress through an early evanescent romanticism, through the worship of beauty to the worship of beauty-in-all-things, which Socrates learned from Diotima: from the delight in good to the 'love of good and ill': through the phase of 'purgatory blind' to the stage of 'dying into life,' and the final disillusioned and profound acceptance of life, death, and humanity which he expressed in the famous 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.' And throughout the book Mr. Murry keeps his main argument in view, the correspondence of Keats with Shakespeare, the inspiration for *life* that he drew from him — at the end, so consciously that he literally felt himself guided, even possessed, by Shakespeare. It is an illuminating, deeply pondered study, and, whatever its faults may be, there is no book on Keats I would rather possess and keep by me on my shelves.

**Silhouettes**, by Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

[*Outlook*]

No signs of slovenliness or haste are to be discovered in his new volume of *Silhouettes*; they are worthy of the hand that offered us *French Profiles* or *Critical Kit-kats*. The same breadth of scholarship and balance in judgment, the old graceful phrasing and happy wit, the rich stock of anecdote and reminiscence, are still at our serv-



ice, and with them I think we can note, instead of the jaded air too many of our younger reviewers show after constant application, a sense of freedom and increased facility, as though in his Sunday pulpit Sir Edmund Gosse had found an opportunity for intimate conversation hitherto missing, as though the reaction of a wide circle of readers had helped him to a greater fluency without impairing in the least degree his literary conscience or his standard of values. These new essays of his — for essays they are in miniature — appear so abundantly alive, so devoid of any suggestion of fatigue.

**Portrait of a Man with Red Hair**, by Hugh Walpole. London: Macmillan; New York: George H. Doran. \$2.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. HUGH WALPOLE calls his *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* a romance, and invokes as its godfathers Hoffmann and Hawthorne. He forbids anyone — albeit a little wistfully — to take it as an allegory; and it is just that little hint of a preoccupation with moral issues which may disappoint for some readers that anticipation of the purely horrific which is magnificently created by the portrait on the dust-cover.

Mr. Harkness, who was engulfed in this romance almost against his will, was 'like so many other immaculately dressed, pleasant-mannered, and wandering American cosmopolitans that nobody had any permanent feeling for him — fathered by Henry James, uncled by Howells, aunted, severely, by Edith Wharton.' He was reserved, diffident, and a little selfish, uncomfortable for more than a month with his sisters at Baker, Oregon, and lonely in London in the companionship of his etchings. Well, Maradick told him to go to Treliss, where something would probably happen to him. He was to arrive on August 6, when Treliss had its fair and its 'Flurry Dance' — though not to Helston's words or tune. So Mr. Harkness, having neatly packed his goods and seven choice etchings, took the train — and he was in for it

from the moment he caught a vision of Treliss Bay as he walked from Trewth.

Whether all readers, in their hunger for a villain, will appreciate Mr. Walpole's exuberance in describing Harkness's ecstasies here and in other places is uncertain. We have a feeling that Harkness is a bit of a bore, and that Mr. Walpole's preoccupation with his soul too much engrosses the interest; for, after all, Crispin is the thing — Crispin with the hair of Loge, the forehead 'glaring like a challenge,' the white face of a clown, the ingratiating address, the ugly, submissive son, the frightened daughter-in-law, and the disconcerting philosophy; Crispin, whose fingers gruesomely felt Harkness's knee as he drove beside him to the house with the white towers where he developed his diabolical philosophy of pain. Yes, Crispin is the thing, and Mr. Walpole has done his monster very well. He makes him convincingly horrific yet credible, and works us into a fine excitement over the reserve of Hesther, in which Harkness is involved, the envelopment of the fugitives in a sea fog, Harkness's climb up the cliff and fatal loss of direction which led them back into the monster's power. What does the monster do to them? We would not divulge this for all the world, though we must hint at a Crispin in white pyjamas with a curved knife in his hands, making animal noises, with an animal looking out of his eyes. Harkness gets out of it all right — free of egotism, no longer afraid of pain or his fellow men, a regular hero of Browning's. But if the red-headed Crispin had finished Harkness off before his own fate overtook him, it would have been more like Hoffman and less like Hawthorne.



#### NEW TRANSLATIONS

UNSET, SIGRID. *The Bridal Wreath*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

UNSET, SIGRID. *The Mistress of Husaby*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

UNSET, SIGRID. *Jenny*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

## OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

This page will cover the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.

**The Story of a Novel, and Other Stories,** by Maxim Gorky. New York: The Dial Press, 1925. \$2.50.

To the Western mind the characters of Russian literature are all in a varying degree mad. This mental astigmatism of ours is due perhaps to the fact that our approach to life is through the reason, the Russians' through the emotions. We read their books with the guilty feeling that they are undermining our common-sense. This new volume of stories by Gorky is an illustration. To those who find in the turbulence and irregularity of these tales proof of a Russia running amuck it might be suggested that the human soul in times of stress usually exhibits both these qualities. But without such secondary considerations, the reader will be swept on by the power and skill with which the author tells his stories — until he reaches the abrupt end and the clock strikes twelve.

**Faber, or the Lost Years,** by Jacob Wasserman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. \$2.50.

WHEN two persons are destined for each other almost from birth, when they are brought up together, marry, are blessed with a child, and then are suddenly separated for six long years by the war — will they be able to take up their life together without a violent readjustment? This is the theme of Mr. Wasserman's new novel, handled with the mysticism, the flashes of psychological intuition, and the long didactic passages that are characteristic. Though less ambitious, it is a better book than *The World's Illusion* — less fantastic, better constructed, more restrained. It is creditable work if not genius.

**The Madonna of the Barricades,** by J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. \$2.00.

A BEAUTIFUL Italian countess and the son of an English earl are promising material for an historical romance, particularly when an Italian secret society — the Carbonari — is the guiding force that moves them and the setting is the

French Revolution of 1848. Mr. Strachey has handled his main characters with restraint, and supplemented the main interest with glimpses of such notable figures as Lamartine, Karl Marx, and Prince Louis Napoleon. The interest is climactic and conceals the variety of information which makes this a novel of solid worth, revealing the pathos and poignancy of those stirring and bloody days.

**Whither England?** by Léon Trotsky. New York: International Publishers, 1925. \$1.75.

WITH the certainty of an unalterable conviction this apostle of Communism presents his analysis of the social and economic forces in England which must inevitably lead to the triumph of the proletariat through violence. He adduces arguments from English and Continental history to support his contention, and surveys the course of the British Labor Party from its beginnings. Irony and sarcasm are worked to death; studied bad taste and wanton insult abound. The book is the brilliant work of an uncompromising zealot who, measuring accurately the strength of his opponents, refuses to see any good in them, and abhors the idea of a rapprochement. The state of Russia under the régime which he advocates is almost entirely neglected.

**According to Saint John,** by Lord Charnwood. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company (an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication), 1925. \$3.00.

THOSE who know Lord Charnwood through his lives of Lincoln and Roosevelt will be interested in this study of the Fourth Gospel, a book which has been the subject of much debate among New Testament scholars. Lord Charnwood has written a devout, virile, and British book, addressed, not to special students, but to readers at large who are prepared to receive the account of Christ attributed to Saint John with reverence and the pleasure which is awe, yet enlightened by study and reflection and investigation of sources. Not the least interesting chapter is the last, in which Lord Charnwood gives his own apologia for his Christian belief in frank and personal pages of masculinity and charm.